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REACTION IN HISTORY.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY RICHARD WILDE WALKER, '77, OF ALA.

The subject of philosophic history is now involved in a maze of speculation. Various theories there are which claim to make simple the great problem of man's progress ; but such theories are premature and unsatisfactory. The fact is, that our knowledge is not yet sufficient to lift us to such an elevation of view as to enable us to take in the subject of human development in all its immensity, to detect the various regulating principles running through the whole, and to formulate them into a system which would be generally recognized as having a scientific basis. Though this cannot now be done, yet a few wide and inspiring generalizations on the subject have already been established beyond question. We know that human history is not a series of mere hap-hazard and unconnected events. An order here prevails. There are laws of progression ; though the few which we now know may not be sufficient to explain all the varying phenomena which history presents.

Among these underlying principles, the comparatively recent consideration and recognition of which have given to historic study so dignified a position, none is more curious, or more worthy of our attention than that in regard to the relations of Action and Reaction in the affairs of men. It is not my aim here to sketch an analogy between a social and a physical law; or to make out a demonstrative proof that in the course of human development action and reaction are ever "equal and opposite." I purpose simply to accept them as the two great balancing forces in history, and to consider briefly some of their most apparent inter-workings.

We may look at Reaction in History under two aspects. First, there are those movements which are revulsions against old abuses; or against forms of thought or action which have ceased to answer the requirements of an advancing civilization. Of such a character are the reactions against antiquated and worn-out systems of religion, of politics or of social life. Secondly, there are retrogressive reactions; which occur when there has been too great a strain upon a people's vigor, an unnatural tension of its energies. In any society not in a state of dull and brutish stagnation, both these kinds of reaction may be seen continuously and actively at work; of course with infinitely varying degrees of intensity, from the quiet movement of small and gradual changes to the violence and abruptness of sudden and destructive revolutions. Reaction is as necessary to the vitality of civilization as respiration is to the proper working of the animal system. Civilization cannot remain at a stand-still. As in the natural world growth and dissolution go hand in hand, so in the system of human society action and reaction work ever together. In the midst of a positive progress, the work of destroying useless parts is ever going on.

Those reactionary movements which mark the triumph of a progressive spirit over the common tendency toward stubborn conservatism are the great turning points in the world's

onward march. From these, as from a vantage ground, we may observe the course which humanity has run in the past and may calculate its after destiny by noting the direction it takes as it enters the confines of the future. Here we see the nations wheel about and turn their faces in a new direction. They abandon their old and worn-out pathways and seek the fulfillment of their destinies by following a higher course. No more do the old ruts and obstructions block the wheels of progress. A new and energizing element is added to existence. The monotony of life is obliterated; all society is conscious, as a giant going forth to run his course. The prospect of new fields of thought and action fill all with the glow of unwonted zeal. The great possibilities of humanity cease to be mere dormant potentialities; men shake off the lethargy of inaction and by extraordinary occasions are roused to extraordinary efforts. The peoples feel themselves pioneers in unexplored regions. Upon them rests the responsibility of establishing a new and higher order of things. They have struck down much of that with which the wisdom of the past was satisfied, and their pride is at stake in the success of the enterprise. Every nerve is stretched and every faculty brought into operation to make the movement stand justified before the world. It is only under circumstances of such rare commotion and excitement that we can get a glance at humanity in all the plenitude of its power.

It is at such periods, when society is deeply stirred, that we may see great things in their beginnings. From amidst the general confusion of elements new and more advanced systems emerge. The backward institutions which are falling give place to new ones, more adequate to the requirements of an advancing social condition. Society throws aside its tattered garments of the past, and bedecks itself afresh for the future. Civil confusion often attends the abrupt breaking loose from the ties of old habits, old customs, old opinions and beliefs; but the awakened energies which in this way first make themselves

felt, soon become manifest in the production of something of positive advantage. If we but examine the vast fabric about us, we are made aware that many of the things which mould our innermost existence can be traced directly to an origin in the particular circumstances in which men have been placed by the unsettling influences of great reactions. Indeed, the very civilization which shapes our lives first took its present form at a time when the spirit of reaction was making itself felt in every department of human interest. The great movement known as the Renaissance and the Reformation was simply a rebellion against a system within the narrow limits of which the immense energies of Europe found no room for expansion and growth. During the infancy of the European powers, the Roman Church had been unmolested in the exercise of a parental authority, which indeed proved of incalculable advantage to the untutored barbarians at a time when they stood in sore need of some fostering care. But when the nations of Europe approached the period of their maturity, loud protests were made against the right of any human organization to exercise such a protective authority. But the church was deaf, alike to reason and to prudent policy. By a long prescription it had grown powerful and corrupt. It now abused its power by proclaiming for itself unbounded prerogatives. It sought to limit and to regulate human development; but a mighty opposition was gathering against it. The opposing elements were long kept down; but at last they were triumphant; the Reformation was accomplished; and modern civilization, as distinguished from ancient and mediæval, was put fairly under way in the course of its great career.

If we confine our view to American history, we find that the great political institutions of our country grew out of the necessities which followed in the train of an important reactionary movement. The American Revolution, in its beginnings, was simply a firm and determined protest on the part of the people against the abuses of royal authority. Their com-

plaints were laughed at. New insults and injuries were heaped upon them. The opposing movement, however, instead of yielding to the immense pressure, so waxed in weight and intensity that it grew into a reaction against all kingly power whatsoever. Hence the success of the American cause served to open the way for a government more popular in form and better adapted to the wants of a growing power.

And again, to take an example which comes right home to ourselves, the people of this country at the present time have not recovered from all the bad effects of the recent civil convulsion, which may be looked upon as a reaction against some of the evils and extreme tendencies, which had previously marred the harmony of our national life. While the temporary derangements caused by this movement are serious enough, yet we may, with some reason, hope that it will mark the commencement of a more prosperous era for the whole nation.

The few scattering examples above cited may serve to show us that many of the most progressive periods in history have been prepared for and ushered in by convulsive reactionary movements, which have cleared away the rubbish of the past and left society unencumbered to grapple with the issues of the future.

The great modern historians tell us that there is a universal civilization ; that the whole race has a regular development to go through ; but at the same time they say that each part of it has a clearly marked individuality of its own, and presents a separate phase of the general growth. Without doubt this distinction is founded in reality. Guizot has traced European civilization as a part, but as a distinct and peculiar part, in the general progress of mankind. England and France have both together passed through all the stages of this continental development ; yet while the intellectual, social and religious growths of the two countries are joined together by having many points in common ; still they also

stand contrasted to each other by differences which are distinguishing and fundamental. Now much light may be thrown on these national contrasts, and incidentally upon other matters of interest, by noticing the manner in which some general law, such as the one now under consideration, has exhibited itself in the two countries respectively. In both English and French history, we observe a number of important reactionary movements; but the English reactions bear a very different aspect from those which have occurred in the neighboring country.

One of the particular glories of England and one of the best elements of its strength is the compactness of the people. Between the monarch on the throne and the lowly working man there is as vast a difference in England as can exist in any country; but the peculiar excellence of the English system is that under it there are no castes. Each order in the realm merges by almost imperceptible gradations into the one immediately above it. In this way the binding sympathy of common interests imparts solidity to the whole structure. The same life-blood circulates freely through the entire social system. No part has a separate existence of its own. Herein lies the secret of the fact that in English history there have been no occasions for very violent reactions against any order in the state, which has absorbed more than its proper share of power and influence. It is true, a few such over-growths have occurred; but by timely and not destructive reactions they were checked before the evil was very deep-rooted or aggravating. Hence the English system has ever maintained its proper equilibrium, and society continues in a normal and healthful state. The growth of the people has been perfectly natural, in no wise artificial. They live under a system which is expansive; as the national powers develop, it widens and fits itself to the new circumstances. The growth of the system is regular and organic. While it is continually changing and on the increase, yet at no time is it utterly different from its former

self. Its present is always a natural outgrowth of its past, the tissues and fibres of the one running back and connecting it vitally with the other. So England's development has been continuous and unbroken. Only a few great reactionary movements have disturbed the even tenor of national growth; and, in those that have occurred, while the reformers ever proposed to exterminate unnatural abuses, yet they always professed to make the solid acquisitions of the past the groundwork upon which they were to erect their new improvements. Thus England's progress has been marred by no great breaks; but has followed closely the analogy of nature, dissolution and growth going on together in such a quiet and easy way as to be almost imperceptible.

Of a far different character is the history of the other great nation to which I have made special allusion. With the French, violent reaction seems to be the rule of the national life; such, in fact, it has been during the past century. Among the French there is exhibited a strong national feeling whenever France stands opposed to any foreign power; but the people of the country, throughout a great part of its history, has been cut up into a number of mutually discordant elements. The different orders have generally been bound together by no sympathetic ties. They have been exclusive, and their interests, generally different, frequently oppugnant. Under the old Regime, the monarchy, the nobility, the clergy, the monied class and the *people*, were kept asunder by sharply-drawn lines of demarkation. Each order pursued its own advantage, oblivious of all else, and jealous of any other power. Just such is the condition of society in which materials for a violent reaction slowly, but inevitably, accumulate. A system, born of human cunning, seeks to shape the national growth. The current of the people's development is forcibly turned from its proper channel; but the artificial barriers cannot have permanence; they must fall at last; and their fall, for the time, brings devastation and ruin upon the land. In France, at the

end of the seventeenth century, an absolute monarchy, and an almost absolute clergy, were the ruling elements in society. It was attempted to make all else subservient to these. "L'Etat c'est moi," was the motto of the living embodiment of this extreme tendency. But the French, with all their faults, are a high-spirited and mettlesome people. On every side murmurings were heard at the abnormal and monstrous growth of absolutism in church and state. The various elements of reaction began to concentrate and to give impetus to a powerful rebellious movement. The pressure had become too grievous to be borne. Signs of restless insubordination showed themselves on all sides. The public mind was saturated with the spirit of reaction. Religion was the first to feel the violence of the coming storm. The clergy had denied the people all religious freedom of thought, and had attempted utterly to stifle the spirit of inquiry. Hence the opposition which it encountered was furious and indiscriminate. The reaction, in its mad career, not only overturned the influence of the priestly order; but far and wide, its shock unsettled the very fundamentals of religious belief. In the revulsion against a tame and superstitious reverence for everything connected with the church, the nation went fully as far toward the opposite extreme. The authority of religion itself fell with that of its corrupt representative. For a long time, a reckless and bitter atheism pretended to fill the void made in the lives of many. This movement against religion was but a part of the more wide-spread reaction. The whole political and social organization of the country was artificial and oppressive. Authority sought to choke up the common outlets of popular opinion; the crying needs of the masses passed unnoticed; the expressions of discontent were smothered in the utterance. No wholesome criticism or warning was enough noticed to procure any material modification or reform in the old system. Meanwhile the unheeded complaints slowly rankle into a deadly hatred. The opposing elements gather in silence.

They become thicker and thicker, and at last burst forth with savage fury amidst the horrors of the French Revolution. In the violence of a reaction against an order of things which had bristled with unjust burdens and invidious distinctions, French society was whirled into a condition of barbarous chaos. All the old fixed establishments are completely leveled. The good and the bad fall together in one undistinguishing destruction. The sudden fury of the blow utterly destroyed the equilibrium of society. From that day to this the French nation has been violently swinging between opposite extremes, and it is not certain that it ever will regain its proper equipoise.

We must concede that the French Revolution was necessary in order to bring back society to its natural channel from which it had so far wandered. We lament the extreme lengths to which the movement was carried ; but while doing this we must acknowledge that, under the circumstances, such extravagance was perfectly natural. The immensity of the burden to be thrown off required a strength and an impetus, which, to ensure the accomplishment of their object, must be accompanied with the risk of going considerably further than was necessary. To get at the deeply-rooted evil, a violence was required which in the end proved destructive of much that was really good. Yet the great object of the Revolution was accomplished, though at an immense cost. Every lingering remnant of the old and now obnoxious system of Feudalism was completely swept away. The French people freed themselves from an ignominious and burdensome oppression. They were again placed upon an independent footing ; but in the effort by which they accomplished their disenthralment, they spent their best vigor and strength. They found themselves free ; but enervated, broken down, and an easy prey to fresh evils ; not energy enough left to resist such an iron despotism as they were the victims of under Bonaparte. A rapid and extreme retrogressive reaction set in.

The great Revolution is but an exaggerated type of most of the recent French reactions. The best that can be said of such movements, is that, under the circumstances, they have been necessary evils. The progress of the French has been immense, though it has not gone on at a regular pace; but by feverish and spasmodic efforts. The national character thus assumes a fickle and unstable aspect.

So much has been said of England and France, not on account of the intrinsic importance of the two countries; but because their histories, when taken together, seem to furnish the materials for arriving at a fair estimate of the worth of the principle of Reaction. In English history Reaction has operated so regularly and in such a healthful way, that so far as this one case goes, its beneficial effects are self-evident. But France presents the principle under a different aspect. In that country reactions have stirred up such mad fury among the people, and have thrown society into such wasting and debilitating paroxysms, that we may be in doubt as to whether in extreme and test cases, reactionary movements are more productive of good than of evil. The question is one worthy of some consideration.

When a social reaction is wide-spread, powerful, and in a qualified sense, sudden, it assumes the magnitude of a revolution. Now revolutions are violent remedies, but remedies nevertheless they are. The maladies of the body politic are sometimes so stubborn and threatening that any treatment of them, carrying with it the slightest hope of success, must of necessity be so quickly energetic as to involve the result in no small risk. History shows us that by long neglect, slight bruises in the social system slowly fester into ugly sores; and disorders, at first unnoticed, by lapse of time grow into deeply-rooted diseases. When self-interested and improvident administrations have once allowed society to drift into such a critical condition, it is frequently the case that a vigorous reaction alone can restore to the system its normal and healthful tone.

True, it is statesmanship to avoid revolution. But when evils, which have been accumulating for ages, suddenly come to a head, and bring upon us a portentous crisis, then something prompt and decisive must be done. It is needless to attempt to dodge the difficulty; we must confront and overcome it. Violence is necessary; but every precaution that wisdom can suggest should be taken to blunt the edge of the mischief which a revolutionary policy always involves. Society has been in a torpor. It is now aroused and it finds that deadly evils have fixed themselves upon itself, and are rapidly paralysing its every function. As by an intuition, it knows that delay is fatal. The evils must be checked immediately; a radical and excisive reform is called for. A policy of shuffling and temporizing moderation would be impotent. It would have no effect, except possibly to delude popular expectation. Under the circumstances, promptness and vigor alone can save. It is true that when the necessities of society call for a radical and immediate change, violence may often be done to many fondly cherished traditions and memories; important public interests may largely suffer; numbers of innocent individuals and harmless classes of persons may be seriously and irreparably wronged. But such evils are transitory. The permanent good of society must be secured, though it may be at the cost of serious temporary derangements. What, however, prudent statesmanship should do under the circumstances, is to see to it that the violent remedy, which when wisely resorted to, becomes the means of the restoration and refreshment of the powers of society, should not awkwardly be made the instrument for crippling and paralysing the popular energies. Such was the fatal blunder made by the French revolutionists of the last century.

Though we may justify some revolutions, with all their accompanying evils, on the ground that a thorough and prompt reaction is at times the only means of rescuing society from the ruinous consequences of a bad system; yet, while doing

this, we in no way seek to palliate the crime of those by whose negligence and want of foresight society has been led to the brink of ruin. Were it not for the blindness of human folly, it seems that thick accumulations of social evils could be avoided. The mistakes of the past speak out a warning to the future. History reminds us that in the course of human development new evils are continually arising, and old abuses ever calling for fresh prunings. We are taught to keep a sharp watch upon public affairs. In a country like ours public opinion should detect the first symptoms of the ordinary distempers of our condition and should make it the duty of statesmanship to provide timely and efficacious remedies. If monopolies were destroyed before they had become formidable to public welfare; if speculation could be checked before it had squandered masses of capital; if the period of an inflated currency were made as short as possible; if political tendencies could be kept from becoming extreme: reactions against such evils would cease, when the evils themselves no longer occurred, and the material interests of the country would be freed from a set of most disturbing influences. In this way serious complications of evils would be avoided, and society would not be allowed to lapse into such a condition that a renovation of its powers could be secured only by a reaction so violent as to produce a dangerous prostration of the whole system. If the public always exhibited a wise and prudent solicitude, and statesmen continually exercised the proper care, correction and reform would at all times be going on. They would not be deprived of much of their good effect by being vagrant and intermittent. Under such ideal circumstances, revolutions would cease to occur; and reactionary movements being continually the mild invigorators of society, the question as to their beneficence would cease to be argued.

THE CHRISTIAN ELEMENT IN SHAKESPEARE.

Plato excludes the poetry of Homer from his ideal republic because of the low character it ascribes to the heathen gods. There are living thinkers who see in the great masterpieces of our literature a spirit unfriendly to the higher religious life of man. That Shakespeare should incur the charge of irreligion may well seem strange to those whose minds have been impressed by his clear perception of spiritual truth, and the catholicity of his religious sympathies. The same marvelous insight that bade him sacrifice the forms of the old drama in order to preserve its spirit, prompted him to strike beneath externals of religion to the essence of Christian life and doctrine.

The dramas of Shakespeare are founded on the principles of a sound religious philosophy. These principles lie as axioms at the bottom of his speculations and color all his views of life. A dramatist in the noblest sense, he avoids abstractions both in morals and philosophy, yet religious faith forms the perspective of all his delineations and the light in which his judgments of men are matured. As a whole his works evince a deep acquiescent faith in the existence of God. His theism is dominant, pervasive, fundamental. The sole genius of modern literature great enough to comprehend the Divine agency in its wider bearings, the philosophy of history is but a development of his theistic conception. Voltaire's ridicule and the cold scoff of David Hume express the instinctive recoil of scepticism from the moral idea on which his dramas rest. This idea, fruitful as it is important, shapes all the ends of his philosophy; it works out in a profound recognition of human dependence and an overruling providence in the affairs of life. "There is a special providence," says Hamlet "in the fall of a sparrow," "a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," so grasping in one generalizing sweep the grand unifying principle that binds human history, experience and anticipation into one.

In his views of moral evil Shakespeare evinces Christian insight. The truest exponent in all literature of the healthy human conscience, he clothes it with a function that would be meaningless if no belief in the true character of sin be presupposed. How grandly he portrays, in *Macbeth*, the play of the moral faculty under the guilty anticipation of a bloody crime.

" If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequences and catch
 With his surcease success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be all and end all here.
 But here upon this bank and shoal of time
 We'd jump the life to come."

But the vision of judgment has its companion picture of mercy and forgiveness. How noble the charity, how true the insight that sets forth the relations of offense and pardon in the guilty king's remorse.

" What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow ; whereto serves mercy
 But to confront the visage of offense ?
 And what's in prayer but this two-fold force
 To be forestalled ere one comes to fall,
 Or pardoned being down ?"

From this Divine clemency to the guilt burdened conscience the poet draws those rich lessons of human charity which stamp his genius as Christian as it is universal.

He manifests the same spirit in his development of individual character. The friend of innocent pleasure, he depicts sensuality in all its native deformity ; the foe of self-indulgence, his heroes are no models of stoic indifference. Kent and Horatio are great in Christian rather than Roman virtues. But in his characters of woman Shakespeare's moral ideal is most fully expressed. Fortitude under suffering, self-forgetfulness, strength and delicacy of affection, qualities that received the stamp of the Master's highest approval, the elements of woman-

hood which the religious imagination has most fully worked out in painting, sculpture and poetry, such are the attributes Shakespeare glorifies in Desdemona, Imogen, and Ophelia.

True to the fundamental principle of Christian morality, Shakespeare treats goodness and evil as qualities of the heart rather than habits of the external life. The malignant will of Iago, the remorseless heart of Richard the Third, the unscrupulous conscience of Edmund deepen the enormity of their crimes. While, on the other hand, Lear's parental affection and Edgar's filial devotion sanctify the real insanity of the one and the feigned madness of the other. A shallower genius would have found in Macbeth a peer to the Borgias; Shakespeare drawing aside the bloody robes of his outward life reveals such a scene of moral wretchedness within as softens our indignation into the deepest compassion.

Standing upon this inner territory of our nature he does not hesitate to sacrifice temporary ends to a higher law of being. In his dramas as in the world, injustice and wrong may triumph in Goneril or a Regan while innocence suffers in the misfortunes of Cordelia. This is but a re-echo of the grand lesson of the Garden and the Cross, that nobility and suffering go hand in hand to the attainment of moral results compared with which mere temporal prosperity is insignificant.

But confusion in the external awards of fortune cannot for an instant mislead the dramatist into indifference as to the moral character of human actions. Perfect accord with the instinctive judgment of the enlightened conscience is the highest quality of Christian literature, and this quality Shakespeare possesses in a pre-eminent degree. Virtue and vice may coexist in the same individual but the beauty of the one does not hide the deformity of the other. Smile as you may at the Falstaff's wit, you shrink with disgust from his sensuality. The mantle of Shakespeare's charity, broad enough though it be to cover a multitude of sins, is never turned into the soothsayer's robe, nor a sacred livery to serve the devil in.

Thus in the religious principles on which they are founded, in their views of life and character, in their moral estimate of virtuous and vicious actions, Shakespeare's dramas are in the highest degree Christian. Well may we rejoice that the greatest name in English annals is also the best, that the false gods at whose shrine the literary genius of other nations is so prone to worship fall harmless before the rebuke of his calm, clear philosophy. The true exponent of rational progress, he clings with wise conservatism to all that is noblest and best in the acquisitions of the past. A typical Saxon indeed, that headlong spirit of innovation which would barter the golden treasures of history and experience for the hazard of a leap into the darkness of the new and untried, meets in him a determined foe. While the dramas of William Shakespeare maintain their place as the great masterpieces of Saxon genius, faith in the unseen and spiritual will continue to be the common inspiration of our literary and religious life, and the genius of our culture while reaching onward to the highest moral and artistic perfection, will remain ever loyal to those inspiring Christian principles which gave it birth.

"THE TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE THINGS."

Princeton—I mean now theological Princeton, not profane Princeton—is generally regarded as a stronghold of total depravity—again understand me to mean the doctrine of total depravity, not the practice.

Now that men of science and of theory have succeeded, at least to their own satisfaction, in deriving human nature from inanimate nature, if we are to preserve the old doctrine, which, as a relative of Mrs. Partington piously remarked, is a mighty good one if it is only lived up to, it becomes necessary to

demonstrate, that our total depravity is inherited, not merely from Father Adam, who in the chronology of science is a very modern person indeed, but from protoplasm—from beyond protoplasm—from matter itself. Nor is this a new theory any more than evolution is a new theory.

Plato, whose fecund brain laid most of the eggs that modern philosophers have been cackling so much about, Plato represents matter as from the beginning of things, resisting the Divine Mind, and therefore inherently evil in its nature. Here is, evidently, a foreshadowing of the modern total-depravity-of-inanimate-things doctrine.

There is, moreover, in man, an intuitive belief that the material objects around him are wickedly disposed to thwart his will and render him uncomfortable. If in crossing a heath, a man should pitch his foot against a stone, it is possible that he might begin to philosophise, but it is far more probable that he would begin to swear at the stone for getting in his way. The man, who, in groping through a dark room, pitches his small toe against a chair, knows, by inspiration, as it were, that that chair placed itself in his path with malice aforethought; else why does he find a melancholy satisfaction in jerking it spitefully across the room?

The child whose finger has been mashed by the hammer with which he endeavored to crush a refractory hickory nut, declaims tearfully against the "naughty old hammer," and "children of a larger growth" only change the adjectives. Did you ever reflect what must have been the moral state of the little hatchet which led George Washington into mischief? True, George generously took half the blame upon himself by confessing that he did it *with* his little hatchet; but there is no doubt in my mind that the hatchet put him up to it. George would never have cut a cherry tree without the hatchet.

During the icy season, you will frequently see a man suddenly sit down in a public thoroughfare, and make a few timely remarks upon the moral obliquity of the pavements.

A school friend of mine once, in such a season, undertook to escort a young lady from the railway station in a certain village, to the seminary. The path which was well covered with ice, was bounded upon one side by a picket fence, and upon the other sloped down rather precipitately for about five feet to the road below. Not keeping close enough to the side of his fair companion, I suppose, the young gentleman's base suddenly slid out from under his centre of gravity, and he shot down the evilly inclined plane in a style which made a complete sacrifice of grace to speed. Then did he discover the truth of Virgil's remarks :—" *Facilis descensus est. Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras, hoc opus, hic labor est.*"

In vain he strove to climb to where his lady stood and encouraged him with audible smiles. The slippery slope afforded no foothold for his aspiring sole. Finally, to crown his mishap, while he toiled away like a second Sisyphus, another fellow came along and walked away with the girl. What that young gentleman can't tell you about the depravity of ice isn't worth knowing. This is what may be called direct evidence in favor of our theory. I shall now give you some demonstrative evidence.

The falling of an apple suggested to Newton a conundrum, the answer to which was his *Principia*. But Newton's *Principia* fails to explain why a piece of bread and butter invariably falls with the buttered side down. And yet, so common is this phenomenon, that the youthful mind, which chiefly subsists upon the delectable pabulum before mentioned, quickly learns to predict it; and as the well buttered slice slips from the school-boy's greasy fingers to the earth, you will hear him exclaim with a voice in which the pangs of disappointed appetite, and the triumph of fulfilled prophecy are ludicrously blended, "Of course! Buttered side down! I knew it would."

You drop a penny in making change. It falls on its edge and rolls lightly around the corner of some article of furni-

ture. You understand all about momentum and the laws of falling bodies, and consequently, you know exactly where that small coin will come to rest, don't you? Well, you never found it there in all your experience. On the contrary, you find it, after much perturbation of spirit, where you are morally certain it never could have got by natural means.

Did you ever dress in a great hurry, that a button didn't come off; or that something didn't break, or rip, or tear, or something else get itself on hind side before? Were you ever particularly anxious to look as well as possible in somebody's eyes, that the razor didn't slip and cut your face in a dozen or more places until you looked like a married man? Did you ever leave the abode of your inamorata felicitating yourself upon the good impression you had made, only to make the horrible discovery that your cravat had been drawn around under your left ear by the force of attraction in that member, while a suspicion that she had not then been laughing at your brilliant jokes, like Banquo's ghost, would not down at your bidding? If so then you, at least, need no further proof of the total depravity of inanimate things.

Suppose you are interested in some department of science—Chemistry for instance. It would be a delightful pursuit if chemicals would only behave as they are advertised to in the books. But they won't. Your oxygen, which should be odorless, smells most abominably; your carbonic acid evinces an unaccountable tendency towards spontaneous combustion; your sulphureted hydrogen is a success—in making the laboratory uninhabitable for a week. Mixtures explode, tubes burst, phosphorus ignites in your fingers—in short the sixty-four elements are sixty-four evil spirits, and only a wizard can subdue them.

The total depravity of fire arms is notable. So common have instances of this become that the newspapers now chronicle them thus: "He thought it wasn't loaded, and the funeral was well attended." "Thought it wasn't loaded!"

He knew it wasn't. He could have sworn to it. That diabolical pistol just loaded itself, as sure as a gun. And yet look at the contrariness of these silver mounted sinners. Two young gentlemen travel a hundred and fifty miles to a nice, quiet, retired spot, *desiring* to shoot each other,—absolutely thirsting for each other's heart's blood, both being crack shots, and the revolvers don't even send a ball through the doctor. When there is such a superabundance of fools in the world too!

That is what I mean by demonstrative evidence of the total depravity of inanimate things. An inductive hypothesis is said to be demonstrated when the facts are shown to be in accordance with it. If that is not scientific proof, there are no inductive conclusions which can be said to be scientific. And the doctrine of the total depravity of inanimate things, rests upon exactly as secure a foundation as the Copernican theory of the motions of the heavenly bodies.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Perhaps a few reasons for treating of a theme with which every one is supposed to be acquainted will not be out of place. Yet to those who are really familiar with the life of Edgar A. Poe, it will seem unnecessary to dwell at length in a conciliatory introduction. It would seem sufficient to a generous mind, to state that no man has ever been so cruelly maligned as Poe. How few there are who do not think that his life was a constant monotone of dissipation and disgrace. Yet this opinion is far from the truth. Griswold, under the mask of friendship, has aimed his arrows of calumny, thus doubly envenomed, at the poet's character. Even when the grave had closed over his rival and peer, his jealousy trampled down all

feelings of reverence for the dead, and his "Memoir of Edgar Poe" stands as a monument of rancour and untruth. It is strange that the poet's memory was left so long tarnished; but, at last, worthy vindicators of his good name were found in Mr. Ingram and Mrs. Whitman.

Beyond this, there is a deeper reason for dwelling on his memory. His life was one of those tragedies which so often form one of the needful lessons of living. How the wounded soul bears itself, is of deep interest to all in this battle of life. The story of Poe's career is the old, old, but ever young, legend of life going wrong. How the drama became the tragedy, how every act brought the catastrophe nearer; the vanishing of illusions, the birth of sorrow, the dearth of friends, the loss of hope,—slow dragging steps at first,—then faster,—one pause,—and the reckless plunge into wrong:—it is the old yet new story, practical and necessary. How necessary the story is, will appear from the innumerable lives which have been shaken out of their course, and rudely jostled among sorrows and troubles. How few lives comparatively are happy! Nor do we wonder at it, when we reflect how easily the springs of happiness are dried up. Want of prudence may entail lasting suffering. The indulgence in vice is sure to bring misery sooner or later. Human life, which may be so happy, but too often becomes a dreary blank, with blighted hopes and staggered being—the tragedy of Hamlet acted in reality.

"Never morning wore

To evening, but some heart did break."

And yet, what is there to which we cannot become accustomed? How strangely soon the heart suits itself to its sorrow! We cling to life as desirable, even after we feel that it is no more than the mortal body when the light of the soul has fled, a form of beauty, but cold and dead. We live on, in spite of hopeless hearts and a rayless future, until, at the end, we change but little the words of the French wit, and exclaim "The *tragedy* is ended: draw the curtain."

In a world of such sombre hues Edgar Poe lived, and surrounded it himself with still deeper melancholy. A precocious child, his faculties were unnaturally fostered, and early developed to such a degree as could not but be injurious. He himself felt this, and bitterly regretted the straining which produced such an abnormal imagination. He thus speaks of himself:—"I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has, at all times, rendered them remarkable; and, in my earliest infancy, I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed; becoming for many reasons a source of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself." Applying his own words to himself:—"Ill fated and mysterious man!—bewildered in the brilliancy of thine own imagination, and fallen in the flames of thine own youth! Again in fancy I behold thee."

His youth was uneventful, yet in it we plainly trace the growth of that genius which in after life produced such weird and unearthly figures. One element in his life we can ill afford to omit in studying his genius; that is, his early sorrows, for which he was so unprepared. Endowed with a warm heart, and a longing for love, he contracted a perfectly ideal affection for the mother of one of his playmates,—such a love as an heathen entertains for his goddess. The death of this lady and the loss of her love plunged the youth in the very depths of sorrow. Often, during the night, would he spend long hours watching by her grave; and the drearier the night, the longer would be his stay. Here in the silent churchyard, with none near except the dead, the spirits of woe and horror took a perpetual hold upon his mind, and were the causes of those wild fancies which he expressed in writing. His imaginative powers were strained beyond endurance; and, under their guidance, he bore away the veils which separate the natural and the supernatural, the seen and the unseen, until wearied with its own wild flight, his fancy recoiled upon itself and burdened the poet's life.

Fortunately for him, there were some restraints to this unnatural growth. Life can never be entirely divorced from material things. The very means of subsistence proved a check to what might, otherwise, have ruined his life. It was nearly the height of torture, in the days of the inquisition, to bind a living man to a corpse. Warm limbs lay against the clammy limbs. Throbbing heart was chilled against the frozen heart. Eyes, looking, met no gaze but that of the other eyes glazed in death. We can hardly form an adequate idea of the exceeding sensitiveness of Poe's nature, else we would see how like the dead weight of the torture it was for him to face the cold, calculating world around. The world never sympathizes with those delicate natures, which are so rarely found, and more rarely appreciated. There were many repulses which the high spirit of the poet could ill brook, and more imaginary evils than real. Yet it was well for him that he had to meet them, painful though it may have been.

But far pleasanter checks were placed to the too great unwordliness of his nature. Chief among these was his domestic life, so cheerful and pleasant. His own fireside banished his morbid imaginings. Happy in the love of his wife, he laid aside his gloomy thoughts of mystery. It is a sad, yet pleasant, sight, this domestic life of Poe's; sad when we reflect that it was one of the few pleasures which he enjoyed; pleasant in the perfect harmony and love which reigned in that little household. If such gentle influences could always have surrounded him, his later life might have been different. But the ties which were dearest and strongest were loosened. Death again approached the poet's idol. In the spring of the year, when all nature was reclothing herself with beauty, he removed his wife from the bustle of New York, to die. In a little cottage at Fordham, patiently and tenderly he watched her—the sorrow of his heart growing greater and greater—until the next winter when her spirit took its flight, and the sorrow deepened into stern despair.

Such was the life of Edgar Poe, and such the moulding of his genius. At this period of his life, he fell. Disheartened by repeated failure, and driven to desperation by the death of his wife, he could see no oblivion in consciousness, no river of Lethe but that of intemperance. Here first he fell. Up to this time, all the troubles and sorrows of his life had been manfully borne; his life had been a model of suffering and strength; but here he failed. What a contrast is here afforded by the life of John Bunyan! Both Poe and Bunyan were men of ardent natures; both possessed clear and capacious intellects; both had intense and wild imaginations; both were tried in the fires of affliction. Naturally alike, what a gulf separates them! Bunyan, the conqueror of his tendencies, a light of this distant age, Poe, mastered by his vices, and overthrown in the mad ruin of his own intellect and works! Philosophy may speculate long on these different destinies, and speculate in vain. Yet the reason is a simple one, though out of the sphere of philosophy. John Bunyan recognized his responsibility; Edgar Poe felt no convictions of duty, no devotion to a noble purpose. So these two men, with equal possibilities, landed the height of heaven apart. So Edgar Poe stopped a whole hemisphere from where he might have been.

Although Poe's life did go far astray, there is no evidence of the common drunkenness so recklessly charged by Griswold. Would that the charge could be utterly disproved! Would that the purity of his life had been maintained unsullied to the end! But he fell, and, though a host of extenuations can be found, the fact remains, he fell. How little, it matters not; one glass of wine was enough to madden him, and the reverse side of his life is a sad one. He was truly, "a ray that has wandered, a magnificent world unnamed, unfinished, unbaptised of God." Edgar Poe injured no one but himself; and no one ever suffered more keenly than he the consequences of his sin. If there be one ingredient in the cup of punishment more bitter than all the others, it is the remembrance of

the former capacity for enjoyment, and the consciousness of the present capacity for suffering. Joys that are past for ever echo mockingly through the silent chambers of retribution. The sun may shine just as brightly as ever outside, and gild all things with brightness, but, for the sufferer, the golden crowning comes too late. The ethereal nature of Edgar Poe rendered all sorrow more intense, as it brightened all his joy. No one loved more dearly than he, or yearned more eagerly for affection, and so, no one's life was more desolate and dreary, in the absence of love returned. And when hope deferred made his heart sick, he fled to intemperance to escape from himself, and to drown his maddening thoughts in the cup. His "lonesome latter years" end the tragedy. The legend of his life is thus a sad one; in telling, desolate, as a dirge, in issue, awful as a tragedy.

The transition from Poe's life to his writings is easy and natural. Every author exists, to a greater or less extent, in his works; but seldom does a man stamp his personality so clearly on what he writes as did Poe. In all his works, there are gleams of his own individuality flashing out from the draperies of that imagination behind which they are hidden. Further than this, the very bent and bias of his mind are clearly seen. His peculiar and morbid feelings chose for him the realm for the exhibition of his genius. Taking his stand on the very farthest bounds of credulity, he gazes off into the dim region of mystery. Nothing is too high, too deep, too terrible, for his weird imagination. The spell of a sorcerer falls upon us while we read; and, when we cease, it is with a long-drawn sigh of relief, so fearfully impressive are his works. Indeed, it was this very individuality which made him what he is in literature. As William Mathews says, "Edgar A. Poe eternized his name on the scroll of American authors simply by being Edgar A. Poe." Everything which he has written is tinged with the color of his own feelings and passions. His works are records of the insight and experiences of a highly

gifted nature, burdened by sorrow and temptation, and overwhelmed by the weight of his own life. His spirit's woes and wrongs are clad in expressions to which multitudes have since subscribed. His imagination brightens or darkens the page with an unearthly light or shadow, which we nowhere else perceive. His works are pictures from his mind, and he simply removes the veil which covers that gallery with all its paintings of bitterness and anguish, chaotic depths of passion and landscapes of gentle feeling. Nor was he content to tread in the beaten path of literature, or slightly change the general course, by his personality. Originality is just as prominent a feature in his works. He wrote according to no man's rule but his own. He took themes unhandled before, and treated them as no one else could treat them.

He was a perfect master of language, well acquainted with the varied and sweetest harmonies of sound. None better understood, than he, the use of words. The very ear seems to gather the sense from the sound, without the help of mind. There are words here which raise the soul into a serener region than the earth, or plunge it into horrors never dreamed of before; words which rouse all the passions, or soothe the whole man into a dreamy languor; words which awaken all the powers of intellect, or lull every thought to quiet. He soothes, with soft words, in describing sylvan loveliness. Gentle as the strains of an æolian harp are his words at such times. They bring up scenes of an Utopian land, never beheld but in the unreal day-dream. Landscapes too fair for a sinful earth, nature too fascinating, are stimulated into growth at the touch of his magic pen. Take the following as an example: "From the dim regions beyond the mountain, there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save the eyes of Eleonora; and, winding stealthily about in mazy courses, it passed away, at length, through a shadowy gorge, among hills still dimmer than those whence it had issued. We called it the "River of Silence"; for there seemed to be a hushing influence

in its flow. No murmur arose from its bed, and so gently it wandered along, that the pearly pebbles upon which we loved to gaze, far down within its bosom, stirred not at all, but lay in a motionless content, each in its own old station, shining on gloriously forever."

But the same pen which thus elevates and purifies, next plunges into abysses of horror. The dewy atmosphere changes to the damp air of a charnel-house; the lovely hues of nature are transformed into the blood-stains of crime. Passions which mar the soul are clothed in verbal intensity, words which rush along like the mighty torrents, which leave ribs of granite to mark their impetuous course. All the gentle emotions of the heart, called up before, now become the mad passions which revel in the soul. Recoiling in horror, and sickening with fear, the reaction comes, and the haunting images are found to be only the phantasma produced by the poet's words. Notice the following example from "The Premature Burial:" "It may be asserted, without hesitation, that *no* event is so terribly adapted to inspire the supremeness of bodily and of mental distress, as is burial before death. The unendurable oppression of the lungs—the stifling fumes of the damp earth—the clinging of the death garments—the rigid embrace of the narrow house—the blackness of the absolute night—the silence like a sea that overwhelms—the unseen but palpable presence of the Conqueror Worm—these things, with thoughts of the air and grass above, with memory of dear friends who would fly to save us if but informed of our fate, and with the consciousness that of this fate they can never be informed—that our hopeless portion is that of the really dead—these considerations, I say, carry into the heart which still palpitates, a degree of appalling and unutterable horror from which the most daring imagination must recoil." What more striking contrast can be found than that which these two descriptions afford? We can scarcely believe that the gentle refining words of the former proceeded from the charnel-hued pen of the latter.

Again, his descriptions of sorrow come over the mind, as sadly as the whispered dirges of the pine trees. From the first baby grief, to the agony of broken hearts, his words denote the shades of suffering.

Mysterious words entangle the mind in labyrinths of doubt. The great mysteries of life and death are deepened, and mysteries shown where all seemed plain before. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy," says Hamlet. With piercing imagination, and corresponding description, these deep things are laid bare. The mind trembles on the very eve of some great discovery. Often, by some obscure hint, this master of language will set the reader's imagination to work more earnestly than by an host of words. There are, further, words of profoundest meaning, which tax the intellect to master. Abstruse reasoning and keen analysis, speculations on the grandest questions of the universe, come as naturally as the simplest tales.

One general element of his genius we must notice, before taking a more particular view of his works. It is an element which enters into all his prose and poetry. It is the vivid and intense conception which stamps reality upon the most incredible products of his pen. It would seem to be the embodiment in writing of that clear-sighted trait of his existence, which comprehends far more than most men see at all; the natural outworking of his delicate, and, possibly, superstitious nature; the product of that living conception which made "his dreams realities and his life a dream." It arises spontaneously from a mind which clothed all things with a deeper significance than common events usually possess. It is simply the expression of a subjective mystical element. The imagination of the poet produced sensations, as real to him, and as fully believed in by him, as the perceptions of the senses. Although he probably did not recognize it himself, objects recalled by memory were as truly present as any surrounding things, and the products of his imagination were as

much realities as material objects. The imaging power, with him, had become a sixth sense, and brought its own store of perceptions. His imagination dwelt upon matters which we cannot believe, and would be loth to believe if we could, until film and fancy are transformed into being and reality. Add to this grasping power an equal command of language, and we have his works as they are, unrivalled in their sphere. It is this *living* power, which gives the charm to his works. Others than he have been original. But no one, whose works were esteemed as more than fantastic illusions, ever discarded the universal principles of taste and naturalness, except Edgar Poe. His was a bold stroke, and could only have been sustained by his own genius. His works would have been considered the inspirations of an idiot, except for his power of vivid conception. As it is, they were a new departure in literature, the glory of which belongs to America.

His works naturally divide themselves into Prose, Poetry, and Criticism.

In criticism, he is lacking in the principles of æsthetics. He strives to reduce everything to rigid rules. Trivial errors in style assume, with him, the proportions of grave faults. He overlooked the grand principles of literature which appeal to the heart, and noticed only the points which pertain to the intellect. In this way, he endeavored to divorce taste from judgment, to separate the æsthetic element from the purely intellectual. They are, of course, distinct things, and mutually exclusive. But there is an union of taste and intellect which every critic should possess; for is not the noblest type of beauty, the intellectual? Once join taste and judgment in a man, and he is prepared to notice not only the logic and the form, but also the delicate shades of feeling and of nature. This Poe failed to realize, and the effect was detrimental to his reputation as a critic.

The Prose Tales form the bulk of Poe's writings. They form a class totally different from the generality of such com-

positions. Their originality, both in execution and conception, fastens the attention at once. That done, the force of reasoning and the exactness of representation hold the interest to the end. Two prime qualities of the author's genius are easily gathered from these tales, analysis and imagination. The former cannot fail to excite admiration, by its clearness, depth, and power. Whether it is exhibited in unraveling abstruse motives, in tracing an intellectual process, or deciphering a cryptogram, it is always piercing and patient. Nothing more delights him, than the elucidation of mystery. The smaller the clue, the fewer the materials, the more interesting to him is the search for the hidden truth. He has given us fine and practical examples of forcible analysis in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and the "Mystery of Marie Roget." They are perfect masterpieces of skill. From circumstances the most trifling, and from facts the most involved, he leads, step by step, out of a labyrinth of doubt, until the last winding of the path is passed, and the end is reached. Then we look back and see how subtle the observation and how vigorous the thought which guided us. The workings of the human mind, and the laws which regulate them, are clearly set forth. In fact, all the tales, to a greater or less extent, appeal to the intellect for their interest. It belonged to a mind like Poe's to repudiate the usual sources of interest, and to prove that, even in fictitious and imaginative writing, the interest might successfully depend upon the exercise of the highest powers of the intellect. Imagination and analysis combined lend a strange fascination to his images of horror. In describing the awful, he is peculiarly apt. His own morbid mind gave its gloomy hue to the figures of his imagination, and painted the whole in more fearful colors than any healthy mind could have done.

The author's soul struggles vainly with the awful mystery of death. He longs to lift the veil which hides its secrets. In this desire his unhallowed imagination vexes the deep questions of future life and spiritual unity. Fate and psychal agen-

cies haunted his mind, and gave rise to the solemn grandeur of his imagery. So imbued was he, with a craving for a knowledge of spiritual existences, that he wrought out a philosophy for himself, more appalling than Pantheism or any form of heathen doctrine. But the mind which could calmly trace the steps of sentience after death did not shrink from the beliefs of "Eureka."

In conclusion, let us glance at his poetry. The poetical was the natural expression of his feelings. Rhyme and metre are less characteristic of his poetry, than a rhythm which appeals to the heart rather than the ear. It is true soul-music, and yet, music which accords rather with sorrow than with joy. Full many a heart has responded to the stirring feeling of "The Raven," since Poe poured out his soul's turbulence in those weird, unearthly strains. Full many a nature, as it sat by the grave of a buried hope, has made "Annabel Lee" its own. Full many a soul has adopted the sad threnody of "Ulalume," as "exponents of a misery which scorns the name of sorrow." Yet a free, buoyant, joyous, spirit does not catch the *inspiration* of this poetry; it is charmed with the melody, but perceives not the intensity of feeling, which pervades its strains. The reason lies simply in this fact, that Poe was entirely a subjective poet. While this style of poetry undoubtedly tends to intensify personal feeling, it likewise fails of universal appreciation. The narrow individualism which it displays will not cover the multitude of readers. Viewing objects through the medium of personal sentiment, and coloring everything with his peculiar prejudices, unfits a poet for a comprehensive view of human nature. This self-consciousness in poetry is the only fault, if fault it be, for its resulting intensity has an eloquence and power which objective poetry rarely possesses. We doubt whether Poe would have been successful as a comprehensive poet. His personality was so intense naturally, and had been so heightened by the pressure of actual life, that hindrance from objective rules would have

cramped and marred his utterance. His inner life would not have shone so brightly; and in depicting general feeling, the beauty of his own nature would have been lost.

When we are tempted to judge Poe harshly—as the world is wont to do—on account of the faults of his life, let us turn to his poetry, his “soul’s expression.” Let us read there the long struggle of his life; read there his manly conflict with sorrow, despondency, despair, and blame him for his final failure, if we can. Let his works atone for his faults which injured only himself; and when his poems relieve our sorrows simply by their exquisite expression, let us forget all but what was noble in their author.

J. P.

AN OLIO OF OPINIONS.

The present is a peculiar period in many respects—peculiar especially in the freedom of its opinions. It is, perhaps, not altogether uninteresting, and if the good and bad Rousseau be right, not altogether unphilosophical to halt a moment in our onward and upward course of development and mark the contrast or hint the inconsistency of a few of these opinions that may be met with almost daily in street or study.

To begin at the beginning, we are struck with the intellectual vigor requisite to engender these opinions which mildly suggests that the time, when as Lavater maintains, thinkers were scarce as gold is left behind. And even though California has since become the ÆEan shrine of the golden fleece, thinkers have far out-rivalled the precious bullion, and thoughts and opinions are now the order of the day. To say, in this new era, that one was so low in the scale as not to have an independent opinion would be an anachronism, and he would be a very hardy cynic who dared broach the idea that some

good people don't think at all. Forsooth the most ordinary possess their modicum of notions, their shade of difference you know, their little hobby, their big *summum bonum* or their everlasting *cui bono*. Sometimes a party may adhere to one creed or a troop be seen marching under one banner with its shibboleth, but an Iscariot is in every company, and on further inquiry each individual would be found to repeat his creed or shout his shibboleth with subjective variations.

Whether from a venial vanity of our chronological birth-right or from a well considered generalization of the elements of our civilization it is generally regarded as axiomatic that the nineteenth is a great century, and yet a pleasant writer chattily discussing our love of bric à brac called it the "age of knickknacks" and referred to "a taste of late unconsciously corrupted by French grimcrackery grafted on Puritan stiffness." Another spoke of it as the age of "spurious imitation" and said that the sword of Roger of Sicily was forged by a curiosity dealer, that Durandal and Hauteclère, the blades of Roland and Oliver might accidentally turn up in a junkshop, and what is at present most pathetic even the sword of Osman with which the new Sultan is to be girded is not a genuine article. A reporter daubed it the barbarous age and substantiated his opinion with the Bulgarian horrors. An editor was bold enough to name it the superstitious age and mentioned a fact alarming to young men, namely, that three young ladies in high circles had indited letters for love powders and which Anthony Comstock captured, (the letters not the powders.) This editor further suggests that if some charlatan should advertise pactolian water at a dollar a pint, he would draw money remittances even from Wall street. A Doctor of Divinity who presides over one of our Universities insinuated that it was the age of the "New Philosophy" which to the un-initiated appears to be the eschewing of good and pursuit of evil.

A *merum sal* in direct opposition of opinions is at hand from the existing state of things temporal. While our national pride is receiving a "heavy blow and great discouragement" from the tales of corruption which have so assumed the aspect of facts that our politicians are seriously talking of replacing the shaking and worm eaten timbers of the Republic with more substantial stuff, while within our own brief experience and short ken fall certain persons who believe in Fag's dictum, "I don't mind lying, sir, but it hurts my conscience to be found out," the announcement comes no less a surprise than a relief that Mr. John Bell of England has written a pamphlet proving the United States of America to be the Messianic World Kingdom.

This optimistic opinion of our English cousin and our own pessimistic views form a contrast that must give us pause, and in this pause we conclude:—first that the world is a scene of contest of good and evil; secondly, that (all deference to natural causes and the law of indiscriminate goodness) the Satanic personage is still abroad; thirdly, that the good is battling manfully, aggressively and progressively, and although we have not yet arrived at the Millennial we have advanced far enough to take a bearing and find ourselves at—the Centennial.

A word or two in regard to Science and Religion. Do not be alarmed. We are not going to preach theology in these days when as the late William B. Reed says "the Modern Thinker dressed in all the colours of the rainbow is flourishing his wooden sword about, and is sure to knock over any credulous clown who believes, as I do, in what was taught me at my mother's knee."

The geologist takes a hammer and pounds away at some stratified rock and thinks that he has discovered the footsteps of the Deity. The physicist sets a piece of iron rocking on a stand and exclaims, "Behold the Deity works in it." And if any member of the scientific guild stumbles on a new form, species or phenomena, he seems to be rescuing, Mr. Kingsley

says, "one more thought of the divine mind from Hela and the realms of the unknown." Or as Mr. E. S. Dallas puts it, "when a man . . . can tell the number of legs on a crab, the number of joints on a lobster's tail, names one kind of shell a helix, another kind of shell a pecten—that is called studying the works of God, or if he . . . plucks flowers, dries them in blotting paper, and writes a name of twenty syllables under each—that is studying the works of God, or if he analyzes a quantity of earth, can tell what are its ingredients, or whether it is better for turnips or for wheat, and whether it should be manured with lime or with guano—that is studying the works of God." These wiseacres nevertheless are good organizers, doubtless from their over dealing in organs. Did you ever notice how nicely the cosmic philosophers have organized their mutual admiration school? How they come to the rescue of one another when hard pressed and invariably cite one another as the *great* philosopher? Their theories are no longer theories but truth; their hypothesis no longer hypothesis but fact, and among themselves they would surely find no difficulty in binding the sweet influences of the Pleiades or in loosing the bands of Orion. But alas! our friends the chemists of nice accuracy are in abeyance. One claiming that the Universe is composed of sixty-four elements. Another that there is but one element which assumes more than sixty different forms, arguing, that this is no more wonderful than the allotropic modifications of some so-called elementary bodies to wit: "Sulphur, phosphorus and carbon are, to a certain extent protean; but they are distanced in the allotropic race by isomorphous hydrocarbons."

On the other hand the exponent of religion or rather theology pins his faith to piety and earnestness and panoplied with these prevails over empty pews and country congregations. He blights the "ingenuous youth" with *total* depravity pure and simple or salves his mental perplexities by a few off hand appeals to the emotions which generally dominate the

more susceptible half. Do not mistake. These are not denunciations. Far from it. They mean merely that pious Butler is better than pious Nobody, that theology is not always christianity, that real difficulties must be fairly met, in fine that a preacher should be a master of the situation. By profession, mild and gentle, he is apt to throw stones at houses not always made of glass. Wishing to champion the "glorious cause," with little knowledge of the material world and less good sense, instead of endeavoring in a quiet way to harmonize science and religion he publicly widens the gap. With the knowledge of a hen about protoplasm he beards the lion in his den and comes out a martyr to the "glorious cause," which from its very inspiration should have made him, were he better "furnished in the cockloft," a conqueror and more than a conqueror.

The present conflict is between scientific and religious creeds or opinions, not certainly of genuine science and religion. The more proper conflict, we think, would be between mind and matter. Whether our knowledge of the Deity is to be derived from the observation of physical phenomena or from our intuitions and the study of the soul. Whether it is nobler to study that which is of the earth earthy or that which is of Heaven spiritual?

Scientific research is no less fascinating than it is serviceable, but when it makes mass the all in all and not mind or spirit it assumes a half or more than a half too much. Conflict must then ensue. Here seems a brilliant opportunity for an inter-opinion arbitration. Alack, the arbiters would be litigants. Would it not be better to amalgamate on the principle of duality? For our part we are not so much agitated at this, as at other mysteries. Not because of any indisposition to exercise the "divine reason," as some one remarks, on the contrary we hold that faith is more rational than doubt, but because knowledge of man is better derived from self-conscious introspection than from physical experiment or chemical

analysis. Hence we continue, in our simple way, to read the love and existence of the Creator in contemplating the mere joy of life—in rambling through the tangled wildwood or over the broad, undulating fields, gazing into the deep blue ether smiling sweetly above us.

Opinions come crowding thick and fast upon us—of the rich and poor, blind and halt, bond and free, literary and practical, politician, and constituent—but it must suffice to say that one needs but a short course in Metaphysics or the Metaphysico Ethical ramifications to fully appreciate the variety and extent of opinions from that awful reality which makes things what they seem to that chief achievement of the Hegelian philosopher, Being equals nothing.

This brief olio gathered by chance, though necessarily inadequate, may be sufficient to give a slight inkling of the disagreement of the doctors and the vast wilderness of opinions spread out before us. And here provokes these reflections :

The great difficulty of telling the truth and avoiding the lie, truth being one and eternal, not relative.

The great melancholy which possesses one whose intuitions are contradicted or faith assailed,—a melancholy such as crushed the spirit of the Greeks and Romans as they pathetically watched their beautiful mythology fade away before the brighter light.

The great necessity of forming a character, at once liberal in mind, catholic in taste and in spirit charitable.

Oct. 1876.

VOICE OF THE ALUMNI.

JOURNALISM AND PRINCETON.*

Some time ago the writer of this article sent one to the *LIT.*, headed "Journalism and the Scholar." That production, short and shallow as it was, was intended to simply call attention to the subject. The author, in the present article, desires to give some better reasons why journalism and the scholar are suited to each other and why Princeton students especially are fitted for the press. The writer does not lay any claim to originality in his arguments, and may even be guilty of such fearful heresy as repetition of what he said in his other paper. Hence we beg leave to begin with one or two very profound remarks.

All the sciences bear certain relations to human life. Astronomy, at least, shows us the wandering nature of Vulcan. Physics shows us how to arrange our pulleys and bombard our enemies. Chemistry warns us of the mysterious terrors of Scheele's Green and NCl_3 . Physiology discloses the secrets of superfluity of bile and the elongation of blood corpuscles by the use of tobacco. But this is not all. Seriously speaking, the thoughtful mind is apt to propound to itself the questions, Why am I in the world? Am I for it or is it for me? In either case, what am I to do? Hence, finding that such questions as these crown the knowledge that the sciences

*The author desires to state that these arguments are borrowed from the vindication of psychology in the first chapter of Porter's "Human Intellect." They answered the author's purpose and he claims originality merely in applying them to this subject.

are related to us, we are led to the conclusion that Pope was right in saying—

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

But how are we to study man? Is the body the man or is the mind? This must be determined by ascertaining which contains the controlling principle. The *will* is in the spirit, not in the matter. Hence the soul is the man. We are then brought to the conclusion that psychology should be the great study of mankind. But it is obviously impossible to have a thorough understanding of psychology without a knowledge of logic, metaphysics and ethics. In Princeton these reflective studies are encouraged to perhaps a greater degree than in any other college. But you are now beginning to think, what has all this to do with Journalism? We are now ready to try and see.

Psychology being, as you will grant, the study of the man as he is—of the laws which “underlie and condition” his thoughts, feelings, sensibilities and desires—it necessarily leads to a thorough understanding of Ethics, Political and Social Science, Law, Æsthetics and Theology. It is almost superfluous to remind the upper classmen that psychology furnishes or reveals the first principles of all these sciences. Ethics could not exist without the conscience; and, as the Juniors will learn during their third term, psychology treats of the existence and nature of the conscience. Political and Social Science postulates that man is a social being and it is somewhat inclined to believe the assertion of Lord Byron that—

“If Solitude should teach us how to die,

’Tis Society should teach us how to live.”

But whether man has social instincts, psychology alone can tell. Law assumes certain authorities and bounds which are substantiated only by an appeal to consciousness. But consciousness belongs to Psychology. Æsthetics affirms that man is possessed of the faculty known as Taste. Taste (not the kind which is ruined at the Princeton clubs) belongs to the

mind and to psychology. Theology could not stand without the acknowledged existence of religious emotion. Emotion is a psychological phenomenon. The journalist must understand all these sciences, if not in their details, at least in their broad general principles. He must understand them because they are the science of which the masses know nothing,—but of which they should know much. For these sciences teach us our relations and duties toward one another and toward God; they show us the mysterious and complicated relations and mutual obligations of Labor and Capital, of practical work-day cause and effect, of moral duty and of Christian rights. These are things in which the masses sadly need guides. And who can reach them all so effectively as the editor? The good corner grocer, who goes to church on Sunday to a comfortable pew and quiet dreams of a rise in shoestrings and bacon—what does he know of the great columns of debit to humanity at large written against his name? Who is to teach him? His morning paper ought to do it; but generally fails. Why? Because the editors do not know any more about the real principles of Ethics and Sociology than they do about the other side of the moon. And why don't they? Because they are generally not scholars and hence are ignorant of psychology. And we might here remark that psychology, as a thorough study, is impossible without a knowledge of logic. The two branches are very closely related, psychology being obliged to take the laws of its investigations from logic and logic, its material from Psychology. But alas! alas! how much logic does the majority of editors use? Cowper cried,

"Seldom, alas! the power of logic reigns
With much sufficiency in royal brains."

If the rabbit-breeding bard were writing to-day, he would think the kings all Whateleys compared with the editors.

But we are wandering away from the thread of our discourse and into a labyrinth from which no mythological thread will save us. To return: we were about to remark that the

intuitions bear a marked relation to religious belief. There is no need of enlarging on this point. If natural realism be untrue, we are led into the wild idealism of Berkeley or the foundless skepticism of Hume. And you all know how these things lead to Pantheism and other forms of heterodoxy. But psychological study is of value to the journalist on another very important ground. It promotes self-study, and self-study promotes two other great things; namely, Self-control and knowledge of human nature.

Self-control is, of all psychological qualifications, the one most often wanting in a journalist. The writers of the daily press seem to think that a calm and dispassionate judgment of any important affair is needless. Considering the results of political bias as unavoidable and pardonable, we shall still find in political "leaders" evidences of overheated minds. Is it not possible that an editor should prove the platform of the opposing party based upon unsubstantial foundations without asserting that its leaders are liars and thieves? Is it necessary because one editor is a republican and another a democrat, that the former should smother the latter with hyperbolical black-guardisms? Every one of common sense will see that such things should not be. If the press were edited by men of higher scholarship, greater reflection and closer self-study, we should have less of this scurrilous writing.

But self-study is productive of another thing of great importance; namely, knowledge of human nature. No man can read his brother's heart. He may, from his brother's looks, words and actions, correctly surmise what are his desires, intentions or motives. But no man can perform this kind of interpretation who does not turn his eye inward and examine himself. A man's own thoughts and emotions are the only ones he can directly study; but from these he may infer what are those of others. Now the man who wishes to influence and guide others must be able to solve the problem whose general statement is this: given a certain temperament and certain con-

ditions to produce certain actions. Now to lead men is the great object of the newspaper, and hence the editor must have a knowledge of human nature. He must then be a self-student, because it teaches him to control himself and to lead others,—the second of which acts is impossible without the first. The power to lead others, which arises from knowledge of human nature, is the great object of all educators. The professor, the minister, the artist, the novelist, the dramatist and the editor all need it.

But just here comes a point which shows us that the editor especially needs such a power. Of all teachers he has the largest class. The daily paper reaches men who seldom go to church or the theatre, never read novels and never saw a professor. This point is too manifest to need argument and we have alluded to it before. We shall therefore pass on to one or two more points before closing.

No studies can with greater power than the metaphysical branches discipline to the study of literature. The greatest writers have mastered the mysteries of the soul. If they have not studied psychology theoretically, they have at least done so practically. Hence the psychological scholar is prepared to thoroughly enjoy and keenly appreciate the creations of poets, dramatists and novelists. These reflective habits, moreover, aid in the production of original thought. Milton, Bacon, Byron, Voltaire, Racine and Gibbon were all fond of psychological study in some one of its forms, and were all producers of immortal works.

One more important fact must be noted and we have done. It disciplines to moral reflection. If we could all obey Charles Reade's injunction, "Put Yourself in his Place," there would be more sympathy among us and less of that disregard for each other's feelings which makes us almost forget there ever was a Golden Rule. Self-study, by showing us more plainly what our own feelings are under certain circumstances, leads us to be more considerate toward the feelings of others. These

last two points, the study of literature and moral reflection are obviously necessary qualifications for an editor. He who would lead the æsthetic ideas of a people must be acquainted with literature. He who would guide the letters of the future must know those of the past. And he who would influence others to moral thoughts must be a man of moral thoughts himself.

But you will say "You have been writing on the qualifications of an editor," not on "Journalism and Princeton." But the qualifications which we have proposed for the editor are just those which are possessed by the majority of Princeton students. We have endeavored to show that psychological and metaphysical training will fit a man for the field of journalism; and if our arguments are sound—and we somewhat modestly think they look so—then the average Princeton student would make better than an average editor. If the young men of Princeton could only be persuaded to look into this matter more, they would see that journalism is a field where they can wield a greater power for good than they can in law, medicine or even theology. The Master's work can be done on earth without taking a text or making an exegesis. And the word that a man has before his eyes is apt to do more good than that which goes in at one ear and out of the other.

"For words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his."

W. J. H.

VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

OUR FICTION ALCOVE.

It is a subject of much complaint among the students and invariably remarked, with surprise, by strangers that the department of Fiction in our otherwise fine Library is so meagre. The alcove contains about five hundred volumes in all. Of these two hundred are in foreign languages, and one hundred are treatises on various mythologies and cannot be called fiction in the accepted use of the term. Of the remainder two hundred are by English and one hundred by American authors. There are complete editions of Scott and Dickens ; a few volumes of Thackeray ; fewer of Bulwer and several scattered volumes of the great masters of early English Fiction. But Cooper, Hawthorne, Geo. Eliot, Lever, Reade, in fact all later authors of eminence are not even represented. Now for a library comprising thirty-five thousand volumes ; occupying the most elaborate structure of the kind in America and supposed to supply mental pabulum for five hundred students ; this proportion of standard novels is lamentably meagre. The same complaint is often made of other departments, whose shelves are crammed with musty tomes—in every language but our own—moulding from disuse. However Mr. Vinton is rapidly improving this condition of things. Owing to his untiring activity and excellent judgment most of the alcoves are being replenished with standard, late publications. But the alcove of Fiction is just as empty as when we first expressed surprise at it, four years ago—not the slightest perceptible improvement. The reasons assigned for

neglecting this department are : First, that it would be folly to appropriate funds for the purchase of books of mere amusement, when more important ones are needed. Secondly, the Hall Libraries supply this need to a great extent. Without attempting to discuss a subject so prolific in difference of opinion ; we make bold to express the opinion that an acquaintance with standard works of fiction is no less essential to true and thorough culture than more substantial reading, though of course, in a far different way. Dr. Holland says " The novel is perhaps the most natural out-come of the culture of the age. Men must have life and nature as well as knowledge ; though the novel may give little knowledge *it is the very high priest of social culture.*" As for the second reason the Hall Libraries are very incomplete and by no means able to supplement the College Library in this respect. Besides fully one-fourth of the students—including the School of Science—are not members of Hall and haven't therefore access to the Libraries. Give us more standard works of Fiction, if for no other reason, at least for the sake of appearances, for the paucity of our present collection is a libel on the College and a disgrace to our splendid Library. The occasional appropriation of a few dollars would soon replenish it, even though it might compel us to forego a few bushels of sermons and other works that never leave the shelves, except to be dusted or re-arranged. B.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

MR. EDITOR : Is it not to be regretted that the university ball nine is made up so largely from members of the senior class ? Such a large proportion leaving the nine at one time renders success the next year almost impossible. In the present nine there are six who will leave at the end of the year.

This is not mentioned as a fling at the directors or the worthy captain of our nine, as these players undoubtedly deserve their places, but only as being a little unfortunate that our ball players in the lower classes are not brought forward more prominently, and as suggesting a few thoughts as to the future conduct of our ball nine. As a college we seem to be tending more towards base ball and foot ball and our interest in boating seems to be decreasing. Both the foot ball and the base ball teams have been very faithful in their practice. We need now a genuine enthusiasm throughout the college, which shall bring out all our undeveloped talent in these directions. We believe there is enthusiasm, and that both the nine and the fifteen in their efforts to do something for the college will be heartily supported, but although this enthusiasm brings financial and moral support, it does not bring players.

We believe the leaders of the base ball interest have made a great mistake in giving so little prominence to the class nines. All last fall, if our memory is correct, not a single class game was played. The university nine, it is true, practised steadily, and were successful in being beaten in two well contested games—but in looking at the results of the fall term's practice there were no new players developed, and the nine this year must be chosen from among those old ball players who have shown their mettle in the class matches of last year and the year before, and from a small number of the new players in college who in spite of small chances for success have had the inclination and persistency to practice steadily with the nine.

A ball nine needs men of *nerve*. The abilities, the nerve of a player can never be tested by any "practice." Very often men may promise well in the training, who lose their heads, their nerve, and generally the game, in a hard contested fight. We need a thorough system of "tests." We want men of tried and proven strength. A dress parade will never make a soldier, nor quiet waters test a ship of war. The soldier

needs the battle. It will test his bravery, and if there is courage in his character develop it. Target shooting is not a test. Nor can the abilities of ball players be ever thoroughly put to the test by "practice." Ball playing now is not play. It is a fight, and fighters must always have endurance, courage and nerve.

We need then the old system of class matches. The feeders to the university nine must necessarily be the class nines. By giving so little attention to these are we not cutting off the source from which should flow the so much needed material for the university nines.

But it is a very poor kind of criticism that is simply destructive. The want of more material from which to select the nine must be as apparent to others as it is to the writer. How we can correct this; how we can secure men of well proven abilities in this direction, are questions in which there may be a difference of opinion. But this can be presented better under some plan—our idea is this.

1. That the class nines be encouraged in every possible way.

2. That there be no university nine in the fall term.

3. That the Directors of the several class nines arrange for a series of class championship matches to take place in the fall term.

4. That the Directors purchase by subscription a permanent flag or cup which shall be contended for in this tournament and held for one year by the winning nine.

There seem to be many things to be said in favor of such a plan. It is used in other colleges. It would greatly stimulate the interest in base ball. It would bring all the ball players of the college into prominence, rendering the selection of an university nine an easier and more satisfactory matter—but more than this these class matches, if managed well, would be very thorough tests for new men and very excellent practice for the old players—and, what perhaps is the most important

of all, it would bring the players from the lower classes into prominence, thus obviating the difficulty in choosing the majority of the nine from the senior class.

These are a few thoughts suggested by a glance at the base ball outlook. If they shall awaken interest and promote further consideration of an important question the purpose of the writer will have been accomplished. ID.

JUSTICE.

In the *Princetonian* of February 22d appeared a criticism on the performance of the Glee Club, characterized by such gross contradiction and injustice that justice demands a reply.

We do not know this would-be musical critic; he is evidently a novice in his art, while the tone of his production leads us to believe that it comes from a disappointed candidate for admission. Let us observe his criticism.

The Club gave six numbers; the "Bowling Green" was "well rendered;" the "rendition of 'Holy Peace' was very good indeed;" the "time in the last piece was admirable." "With these *few possible exceptions*, the Club fizzled terribly." And the Club "deserve great credit for confining themselves almost exclusively to college songs." Note the contradictions of this wonderfully acute critic. First, the Club "deserve great credit for confining themselves almost exclusively to college songs." But *half* the pieces on the programme were college songs, and this proportion is "almost exclusively!" Second, we observe that the most difficult pieces given receive the highest praise, namely, "Holy Peace" and "Windlass." But "with these few possible exceptions, the Club *fizzled terribly!*" On what did they "*fizzle terribly?*" On three college songs, for each of which they were heartily *encored*, and

for the rendering of which they "deserve great credit," and on their opening piece which is generally with choruses the poorest of a concert, as our musical critic would know if he was familiar with such matters. A remarkable performance indeed was that in which a club, many of whose members had an "evident lack of any ability, natural or acquired, for singing," and "a lack of confidence in themselves and in each other," rendered their *most difficult pieces well*, and received *encores* for the remainder of their programme with the exception of the first piece. We understand from the management that the Club, with an earnest purpose to appease, if possible, this terrible critic, have considered the question of the "leading voice," and reached the following conclusion; that the Club should consist of one member (a "leading voice,") and that the others travel as substitutes in case of illness or accident to the "leading voice;" the Club has been recently enlarged that a wider field may be given for selecting the "leading voice." If this musical critic had the least knowledge of harmony, he would know that the perfection of chorus singing is the blending of voices, the *absence* of a "leading voice." "And so they (the Club) went helplessly along" through two such pieces as "Holy Peace" and the "Windlass," the former of which was "very good indeed," "the time (the most difficult feature) was admirable" in the latter. Hear again this genius for discernment as he says, "This may seem to be severe criticism." This *would* be severe criticism if it showed in any degree that knowledge of the subject treated which is the point and authority of all criticism. Note the gentleman's elegant diction, shown in the use of the word "*fizzle*" in an attempted art criticism! And his literary proficiency, fully on a par with his musical intelligence as he kindly remarks, "If we *would* be allowed to give him a word of advice." If we *may* be allowed to give him a word of advice it is that he acquire at least some knowledge of musical matters before attempting a musical criticism. In his own words, "if he cannot find the first, he certainly ought not to contemplate the second."

A just and gentlemanly criticism is always appreciated and well received by performers. Such a production as that on which we comment, and which, in its condescension to personality, is well worthy the publication which gave it room, such a printed exhibition of spite and ignorance is alike unworthy a collegian and a college community. In the performance in question the Club were placed in direct contrast with first-class professionals; two of their number did not appear; they had never sung together in public before. A courteous critic would have noticed these facts in criticising the singing of fellow students. There is now in college no organization under better leadership, under better management, and doing better work than the Glee Club. They are out of debt, and have money in their treasury. Unlike other college societies they bring to their fellow-students no subscription lists; they are self supporting, and in numerous cases have given liberally in aid of other college interests. They might naturally expect the encouragement of the college; as this has not been afforded them, as gentlemen they have a right to demand just and courteous treatment.

E. P. D.

EDITORIAL.

NEXT TO THE college bore in point of general depravity we would rank the college demagogue. This human type is recognizable everywhere as the possessor of a few general traits. Office seeking is with him a constitutional disease. Having settled to his entire satisfaction that "this world's a stage and all the men are players," he sets himself to work to play his little game with an unction worthy a better cause. Who has not had some experiences with him? He is the same conventional wire manipulator, yesterday, to-day and forever. Here he comes and "how like a fawning publican he looks." Yesterday he passed you by with rigid neck and averted face; to-day he meets you with a smile that is "childlike and bland," seizes your hand with a grip that threatens its destruction and evinces as much servile joy at meeting you as the stray canine who has just found his lost master. You rack your brain for the clue to such an ebullition of affection, but your gathering fancies are suddenly put to flight by an insinuating voice which solicits your suffrage in an enterprise of "great pith and moment" that will most assuredly fall to the ground if your friend is not allowed to engineer it. If you are a man of honor you will probably not come into personal contact with any worse phase of his character than this. But you will observe him to be a person of prolific resources. Supple and ingenious, he is equally at home whether hob-nobbing with cliques, manipulating conventions, boot-licking professors, button-holing companions or bribing with fair promises which he intends to violate, and in short exhausting all the arts of chicane. Attempt to expostulate with him on his bad practices and he

assumes an air of worldly wisdom, that, considering his tender years would better befit his grandsire, and literally crushes you under a load of maxims which even Sancho Panza himself could not equal. It is the way of the world and a man who does not blow his own horn had better blow out his brains. To mind number one, although not in the decalogue, is the first law of nature. Your dreamy honesty will soon vanish before the stern realities of life. Tarry at Jericho till your beard begins to blossom.

"There'll be if that day comes, I'll wad a boddle
Some fewer whig-maleeries in your noddle."

A man must identify himself with the spirit and practices of society if he would succeed; he must plunge boldly into the current and swim with the tide. In a wire-pulling world he must not be over scrupulous about means; the way of a man of the world is full of rough and sometimes of not over clean work. The lessons of experience are severely practical and prosaic and are apt to make sad havoc of the utopias of youthful dreamers. Let unsophisticated boys prate about purity and honor and all that. The on-rushing tide will not turn aside for a conscientious scruple. The survival of the fittest, means the survival of the strongest. What boots it to the stranded mollusc that he has been an *exemplary* mollusc among his companions? He is a dead mollusc for all that. Life is worthless without success and a man is a fool to throw away the prize that is just within his reach merely because a slight indirection is needed to grasp it.

This all sounds plausible enough but "There are reasons as plenty as praties," sagely remarks the Hibernian, "for doing wrong." Self interest is a passion so subtle that it invariably makes the worse appear the better cause. It has long since passed into a commonplace, that, provided a man have a strong motive for doing so he can convince himself of anything. To plead common practice in justification of any course of action is a wretched *petitio principii* that will not bear a moment's

candid inspection. It is, however, by just such fallacious modes of reasoning that the mass of men succeed in soothing conscience under a course of wrong doing. But if men of the world do fall into crooked practices, what of that? There is a world-wide difference between theft for life and the art of the Fagens and Artful Dodgers who ply it for a vocation. Under the pressure of strong temptation or seeming necessity, humanity may fall into the snare, but the man who points to examples of this kind as justifying deliberate unscrupulousness is tenfold worse than his models. We hear a vast deal of gushing sentimentality from the platform both in and out of college about national honor and upright statesmanship and all that. But what right have we to open our mouth, if to gain a paltry office or to obtain a transient college honor, we tamper just a little with conscience or nibble lightly at the forbidden fruit. We are such stuff as the average demagogue is made of, and the most effective protest we can make against public corruption is to reform our own practice.

Besides whatever immediate advantage may accrue to unscrupulous actions, it is untrue that rascality is the best policy. It has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated that *honesty* wins in the long heats. In a broad sense the greatest knave is the most consummate fool. Ordinary men are, as a rule, unable to see this; their ken is too limited to take in the whole horizon, even of individual action, so they pervert their half truths into whole falsehoods to their own undoing. Once in a long time a man of vast sagacity like the Athenian Socrates explodes the shallow sophisms of contemporary politicians and shows that justice is more profitable than injustice. It is well that God does send a man into the world occasionally with breadth enough to lay bare our sophistries and teach us that after all this old universe is founded on truth and justice.

So long as there are men of strict honor in the world who succeed, we would fain believe that there is no necessity in the

nature of things for trickery and deceit, but that men pursue the disingenuous course mainly because it is congenial to their natural disposition. It is at least a dangerous delusion we fall into, of shifting the responsibility of our peccant courses upon the shoulders of circumstances. Circumstances make the time-server, and the man of flaccid moral nerve, but the manly character will scorn either to float with the tide or to shield himself from responsibility behind the veil of current practice.

THE LIT. HAS been objected to as dry, denounced as pedantic, and stigmatized as solemn and funereal in aspect. Well, so it is. At least the accusation borrows verisimilitude from, is even corroborated by, the fulminations of our hoary-headed contemporary. This is not the first instance of decrepit old age taking advantage of the privilege extended by courtesy to relics of antiquity, and using its bleared eyes as a medium through which to view objects. The custom of according to those in "the vale of years," the right of watching and warning the waywardness of youth, is based doubtless on the assumption that advanced age necessarily implies advanced sapience, grasp of intellect, and compass of thought. It might be shown wherein the assumption is fatally defective! At any rate, as a consequence, the objects thus seen, appear monstrous, distorted, misshapen. However we will not question the claims of our senile contemporary to clear-sightedness. It might provoke a collision. We don't wish to incur enmity. In fact, belligerence is a most uncomfortable attitude to assume or excite. No design could be farther from our mind. On the contrary, we propose, so far as the innate irritability and pugnacity of human nature will allow, to maintain a purely pacific status. We implore our ancient contemporary to put a quietus on its rising passions. If we have said anything

calculated to sow the seeds of discord, or fan the embers of dark and implacable hatred, we wish it to be distinctly understood—yes, let our venerable contemporary ponder well these words—that no such result fell within the range of our intentions. We would entreat our aged contemporary not to suffer its judgment to be beclouded by anger. Our statements may seem equivocal, but it requires no latitude of expression to aver that they were made in an amicable spirit. Of course they were! On what grounds could any other hypothesis rest? The clumsiest analysis of our language will at once reveal the simple friendliness of the thoughts it embodies.

After thus smoothing the way for a lenient view of what ensues, we proceed to mention another service by which our astute contemporary may be gratified to learn that it has placed the whole world of collegiate journalism under obligations to itself. It has discovered the truly wonderful and exceptional fact that the *LIT.* is always "behind time" in its issues—that this lack of punctuality in our periodical emergencies from the editorial sanctum and performance of editorial obeisances, has produced a distressing uncertainty as to the exact time when the ghastly dignity of our visage will don its garments of gloom and obtrude itself upon the light of day! No words of ours could do justice to the merits of this discovery. Nothing short of a sagacity almost supernatural could ever have detected such a fault as that exposed to view and held up to ridicule by our acute contemporary. But what gives us special pleasure in adverting to it, is the agonizing ordeal to which the hot sarcasm of our shrewd contemporary has subjected us. Our fallible, saturnine, magazine has been fairly inflamed by the invisible flashes of its wit, and riddled by the dough-like pellets of its invective! But we fall short of the mark; the tongue of encomium grows silent in recording such matchless achievements. Our wise contemporary has done more than this. It has shown a surprising retentiveness of memory! What so difficult of lodgment in the chambers

of recollection as the old maxim about "glass houses" and the throwing of stones? Yet our caustic contemporary has not only cherished the remembrance of it, but is magnanimous enough to adopt it as a principle of action and rule of conduct. We deem it not the least palpable evidence of the high ability and lofty spirit of our respected contemporary that it has dared to assert its independence of traditional shackles, to spurn the restraints of antiquated axioms, and to pursue the very methods which cob-webbed fogyism pronounces most puerile and fallacious. We trust that our praises may not be deemed fulsome adulation, when we say that, altogether our oracular contemporary, by its exercise of the prerogatives of senility, by its unparalleled critical acumen, by its resolute maintenance of the right of free will, and by its uncompromising adhesion to its own peculiar system of philosophy in defiance of all others, has brought the art of criticism to unexpected perfection, has given an exhaustless impetus to the languid principle of self-determination, and burdened the minds of college students with an irredeemable debt of gratitude.

WE SOMETIMES HEAR men condemn special work in college because, as they allege, it tends to promote a one-sided development. The objection as stated is, that in so far as the special effort devoted to a particular subject causes the withdrawal of attention from other branches the effect is injurious. Within certain limits this objection is valid. The demands of a liberal culture are broad as well as deep, and he who narrows the range of his efforts within the sphere of one or two sciences runs the risk of becoming a sectary or a hobbyist. But the objection is more superficial than at first appears. The general law holds good everywhere that excellence in many things is impossible to the vast majority of men. The breadth

of the field, aside from special inaptitudes, renders it impracticable. A clever intellect in the time of Pythagoras, or Socrates or even of Cicero might acquire an encyclopediac acquaintance with the Sciences of his age. Now the division of labor has become a necessity, we must all be specialists or we shall never get beyond the sphere of crude generalities. What then, shall the students do? Wisdom says to the man of the world in like circumstances, do not fritter away your efforts on a multiplicity of enterprises but concentrate your force upon one, you will then have a reasonable prospect of success. The same counsel applies with qualification to the student. With qualification we say, for the cases are not strictly analogous; one of the primary objects of a collegiate training is to give the student an acquaintance with the rudiments, at least, of all the leading sciences of the day, and that is about all it can do in the way of general culture. Its mission is fully accomplished if it has enabled the student to obtain a philosophic glimpse of the unity of all knowledge and has inspired him with a genuine love of its pursuit. But in the attainment of this end one of two different methods may be adopted. First, what we would term the dead level system in which the student distributes his efforts about equally over the subjects of the curriculum and aims at corresponding attainments in all. We are willing to concede to this system all that its advocates claim for it, but it is not free from objectionable features. (1) It does not materially assist a man to decide the question, What am I good for? on the true answer to which his future success depends. (2) It forces him to devote an undue proportion of his time to subjects for which he has no aptitude. There is a deep doubt in our mind whether the dead level system is so conducive to *liberal* culture as its advocates claim. We have known men who pursued it faithfully in college and afterward denounced it as a failure.

Secondly, The student may devote a fair proportion of his time to general work while at the same time he concentrates

his powers on some special study. We do not advocate total absorption in any one pursuit, either in college or elsewhere. The man of one idea, however, is not he who devotes himself to special work but rather the man who forgets that his department sustains vital relations to a multitude of others. We are of the decided opinion that special attainments notwithstanding their apparent narrowing effects, have a strong tendency to broaden the channel of a student's ideas and sympathies. The human mind is a unity and it has its counterpart in the unity of knowledge. In order, however, to appreciate this unity it is necessary to get below the diversity on the surface. We find that the more thoroughly one grasps the underlying principles of any science, the more intimately do we find it to be connected with kindred subjects, and the stronger is our conviction of the unity of the whole. Men of one idea and fools on wooden horses are abnormal developments rather than necessary outgrowths of any system. As it would be unjust to judge religion by its bigots so it is unfair to charge the accidents of a method of culture to the tendencies of the system itself. We are inclined to believe that the judicious pursuit of a specialty, instead of narrowing the mind, renders it both more capable and more disposed to take a broad philosophic view of the whole brotherhood of arts and sciences. This question has also its bearing on the after career of the student. We must all perforce be specialists in the great university of life. The tendency to become wholly absorbed in professional activity is so strong that few men can resist it. But of these few the vast majority are men who have acquired a taste for some branch of science or literature while in college and have made it the subject of special application. While we would repudiate the policy that would cut a college course into segments for the purpose of adapting it to special courses, we would advocate on the part of the individual, the judicious selection of a subject to which he may devote particular attention.

WE CALL ATTENTION to an article in the "Voice of the Students" on the subject of base-ball. Now that the season is fast approaching when the strength and skill of our nine will be put to a severe test, and when our hopes of triumph will be wrought up to the highest pitch, we bespeak for them an earnest and hearty support. If each man in college would accept this as a direct personal appeal, imposing on him an obligation to be satisfied only by fulfilment, there would be no need of a second one. The apparent listlessness with which base-ball matters are at present viewed cannot fail to have a depressing effect on the managers of those interests. Unusual facilities for practice and playing have this year been placed at the disposal of the team; but it must be borne in mind that the price of necessities, as well as of luxuries, is always a more or less profuse outlay of money. Without access to the "purse," which is controlled by the body of the students, nothing can be effected. In this respect the nine is at the mercy alike of friends and enemies. It is true that open-handed liberality has on more than one occasion responded to, and, in some cases, anticipated, our applications with laudable munificence. Still we may, in lachrymose impotence, wring our hands over the clogged wheel as long as did the man in the fable, who thought that the might of Hercules was needed to lift his cart from the rut; but unless we put our own shoulders to it, the probability is that it will remain immovably imbedded in the mire. The fable here teaches us a good lesson. "Heaven helps those who help themselves"—is an aphorism suited to all exigencies.

And yet material aid does not fully embrace the scope of the demands which the nine may justly prefer. The discharge of one duty does not sanction the evasion of another. Religious punctiliousness and slipshod negligence are mutually incompatible in the sphere of ethical relations. We do not place the claims of the ball nine to our advocacy and allegiance on such high grounds as these; but the principle holds good even when we introduce it into this question. Under the circum-

stances we stand tacitly pledged to lend moral encouragement, that is, the influence of our sanction, approval, and forbearance, to the nine. This being so, to any attempt to elude the constraining necessity of acquitting ourselves of the consequent obligation, there would attach some degree however slight of turpitude and ignominy. It should therefore be made a point with us, to afford such moral support. Those who frown on all endeavors to promote the interests of this class of athletics must forego the privilege of impunity in attributing possible defeats to the incapacity of others. By evincing such unfeigned interest as is befitting and required, it may be in their power to render the contemplation of such gloomy contingencies unnecessary. Why refuse help to men the glory of whose success is always reflected on the college? When we sit grumbling and lamenting in lugubrious accents under the shadow of defeat, we too often forget how much of the fame of victory always reverts to, and is selfishly engrossed by ourselves.

WE HAD NEVER found any trouble in yielding credence to the truth inculcated by our distinguished and learned President—that “this world is a scene of conflict.” But present events are giving it a more practical and forcible illustration than we have ever yet seen. The Students’ Lecture Association and the Class-day Committee are by the ears—at swords points. The S. L. A. makes arrangements to have a concert in town on Class-day evening; the C. C. determines to have a promenade concert at the same time. The S. L. A. has engaged Miss Kellogg and the church. The action taken by the S. L. A. comes to the knowledge of the C. C. and a logomachy of great and seemingly endless violence is precipitated. The C.

C. accuses the S. L. A. of attempting a malicious and unprovoked infraction of the class-day rules and a virtual abolition of the promenade concert. The S. L. A. indignantly repels the insinuation. Things are *in statu quo*. We advise our friends of the C. C. to quietly withdraw from the controversy. As far as appearances justify an inference, pique and offended pride, resenting the failure of the S. L. A. to apply to them for permission to give a concert on that night, seem to actuate their resentment. It seems to us that they can gain nothing by wordy protests, warm and fierce. They have indisputably absolute control over all college exercises on that day; they can, if they wish, introduce any number of entertainments, so far as any question as to the extent of their authority goes. But this gives them neither the right nor the power to prevent the S. L. A. from giving entertainments too. Any steps which the S. L. A. may see fit to take in this matter seem to lie entirely beyond the pale of their jurisdiction—and we suggest that they abstain from all endeavor to render such steps nugatory.

WITHOUT FURTHER comment we wish to reiterate the opinion of the *Princetonian* that the stealing of Mr. Vinton's manuscripts from the Library was a contemptible act, unworthy a man not only moving in the same circle with gentlemen, but pretending to be a gentleman himself. We are sorry that such a man exists anywhere: especially is it to be regretted that he exists in this college. No punishment can be too severe for him and we hope he may speedily be brought to justice. The thief is known, and we urge him to let prevail that modicum of better judgment which we trust he possesses and to comply with Mr. Vinton's request that the stolen property be restored.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

PRINCETON COLLEGE IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—Our journals are paying more attention to colleges and college news than they formerly did. Four years ago the educational column in the papers was exceedingly meagre, and when over a year ago Scribner & Co. began their articles on American Colleges the design was one without precedent. On the whole these articles have been carefully edited and appropriately illustrated, and we were led to expect that the account of our college would by no means fall below the standard. This expectation was heightened by the admirable articles in the *New York World*, which combined a mass of useful information and spicy particulars in very small compass.

But we must say we were very much disappointed with the article which appeared in the March number of Scribner's. The chronicle of distinguished graduates of the last century, would have more fittingly found a place in "*Princeton College in the Eighteenth Century*," and the dates given in such profusion would have added a great deal to the pages of Hayden. But two pages were devoted to Princeton of to-day, and the varied phases and ever shifting scenes of student life remained untouched. Princeton does not pretend to be a "ghoul living on dead men's bones" and a general statement of her present state and condition, the incentives offered to study, the advantages given in the way of instruction, and her student customs and manners would have been far more acceptable to the average reader of enquiring mind than the facts that Madison, Oliver Ellsworth, Fisher, Ames, Livingstone and many others of whom she is justly proud, lived and flourished one hundred or more years ago.

The illustrations on the whole were poor, the sketches of the Library, Observatory and North were outlines, the Foot Ball game personages were posed in attitudes inconsistent with the laws of gravity and the portraits decidedly out of date.

TEMPERANCE.—The Faculty have promulgated the following notice which was read to the different classes on March 1st, amidst a despairing silence. "Whereas the Faculty have learned, to their entire satisfaction, that intoxicating liquors can be obtained at Karl Helleman's, therefore all students are forbidden to enter his restaurant for any purpose whatever."

The Nassau Temperance Society has plucked up courage and is preparing for a genuine Murphy campaign under the leadership of one of his converts from Pittsburgh.

POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURES.—The Nassau Scientific Society showed a most commendable spirit of enterprise in their late successful endeavor to popularize Science in dogmatic Princeton. It is true they had a preliminary struggle with Evolution and Darwinism and the financial prospects were none of the best owing to the unsettled state of the college in regard to the Presidency, but despite of these obstacles they presented to the college a course which we are glad to learn has been a complete success.

The first lecture was delivered Feb. 1st, by Professor Goodale of Harvard on Green Leaves and their Work. The lecture was illustrated by the Stereopticon which projected the diagrams on a large screen back of the lecturer. Professor Goodale explained the vitalizing influence of the leaf, and its minute structure in a clear and comprehensive manner. He was well received and listened to with much attention.

On February 19th the second lecture of the course was delivered by Professor Barker of the University of Pennsylvania, his subject being "The Chemistry of the Stars." The spectra of the different worlds were thrown upon the screen by the oxy-hydrogen lantern and spectroscope. During the lecture Prof. Barker paid several delicate compliments to Professor Alexander which of course brought down the house.

Professor Young's appearance on March 1st, was awaited with considerable anxiety as on that day he was expected to give an answer to the invitation of the trustees to fill the chair of Astronomy. His lecture on "The Sun" was delivered to a large audience who testified their appreciation of both lecturer and lecture by several rounds of applause. The Professor's command of language is good, his subject matter interesting and we cannot help envying those who after our departure will receive the benefit of his teaching.

Professor Newberry delivered the last lecture of the course, March 11th, his subject was "The Glacial Epoch." We hope that this course will be but the forerunner of others which shall give as much satisfaction to their hearers as this has done to those who were fortunate enough to possess tickets.

MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES.—The regular Spring meeting of the trustees accomplished more than any other for some years past. Messrs. Libbey of New York and Elmer of Bridgeton were chosen to fill the places left vacant in the board by the deaths of Ex-Chancellor Green and Ex-Governor Haines. The President reported the college in excellent condition, as to discipline and diligence, with a very satisfactory religious feeling pervading it, though not taking the same form as last year.

But the most important business transacted was the appointment of new Professors.

The chair in Astronomy was offered to Professor Young of Dartmouth, the distinguished American astronomer, Dr. Alexander being retired as we understand on full salary. Mr. S. Stanhope Orris, a graduate of the class of '62, tutor for some years in this college, and now Professor of Greek at Marietta College, Ohio, was appointed Professor of Greek.

Charles G. Rockwood Jr., at present Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Rutgers, was chosen associate Professor of Pure and Applied Mathematics in the College. He graduated with distinction at Yale, and was appointed Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin, in both institutions being extremely popular with all his associates.

Action like the above appointments, which had been intended for some time, is answer enough to the recent unjust attacks on our college. "The appointments just made, with that contemplated at the next meeting, will complete an array which will challenge comparison and give assurance to the friends of the college and the public, that its guardians are not confining their efforts to the erection of spacious and elegant edifices, but are determined to keep the old college in all respects abreast with the proudest of her sisters."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.—The usual exercises took place in the chapel at 11 o'clock. Mr. Hamill, who represented the Freshmen, delivered a well written speech in genuine patriotic style. He was followed by Mr. Halsey, who took up more particularly the political phases of the day and fully realized the expectations of the Sophomores. The speech of Mr. Vandyke '78 was semi-humorous in character. Mr. Dunning '77, who followed, spoke on enthusiasm as an element in politics. In the afternoon a town militia company amused themselves and the natives by firing off numerous volleys of blank cartridges.

SCENE: LECTURE IN ASTRONOMY.—Gentleman on back seat playing *Il Trovatore* on his teeth with a lead pencil.

Irate Professor—"That sounds too much like an empty bottle, Sir."

BALL NINE.—The nine have practised regularly in the gymnasium since the commencement of the term. A few warm days have given them the opportunity of practising in the open air, when their progress since last fall was observed to be quite marked. The following gentlemen aspire to positions on the nine:—

Denny '77, Campbell '77, Kaufman '77, Smith '77, Evans '77, Duffield P.G., Funkhouser '78, Clarke '78 S.S., Oliver '79 S.S., Denny '80 S.S., Warren '80, Laughlin '77 Capt., Furman '79. As soon as the weather permits they expect to exercise on the new Athletic grounds, which are being rolled in anticipation of that event. Games with Yale and Harvard have been arranged, the former on May 23rd, the latter May 19th. It is to be hoped that the college will do their utmost in encouraging the club by a large attendance on the games, and a liberal subscription for those necessities, without which it is impossible to carry out its spring campaign successfully.

LIBRARY MEETINGS.—Since our last issue these enjoyable Wednesday evening gatherings have continued.

On February 7th the discussion was as to the "Logical Notion," on which occasion Mr. H. A. Todd '76 read a review by Prof. Ulrici on Dr. McCosh's Logic.

On the 28th ult. Mr. Sloan of the Preparatory school read an essay on Schleiermacher. Although there was not as large an audience as usual, an expected examination in Prof. Guyot keeping many to their rooms, those who listened to the learned yet forcible and clear paper of Mr. Sloan's enjoyed a rich treat.

Rumor has it that he will be our assistant professor in Latin next year. We have no doubt as to his competence as he has studied Comparative Philology in Germany for four years and has had considerable experience in teaching.

CHES CLUB.—Princeton's chess club, as a club, has been defunct for some time, but we learn that efforts are on foot to reorganize it on a firmer basis. A challenge has already been received from Cornell and an Intercollegiate game is now in progress. For particulars apply to Mr. Gowdy '77 or to Mr. Slemmons.

SOIREE DANSANTE.—The seniors of Carpenter's entertained a few of their friends at a Soiree Dansante on Saturday evening March 3rd. The absence of the fair sex was regretted, but with this exception the affair passed off with great *éclat*. The success of the occasion was largely owing to the efficient floor manager, Mr. R. A. Springs '77. The music by Messrs. Chapin and McKay was also a marked feature of the evening.

ROWING WEIGHTS.—The new four oared rowing machine placed by Mr. Goldie in the Gymnasium is the nearest approach we can imagine to shell rowing. The rock of the boat, the dip, recover, and feather of the oar; and even the catch at the start are all very closely imitated. Perhaps if we had obtained them earlier we might have done—but we will not awaken painful recollections.

CLIOSOPHIC SOCIETY, PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 16, 1877.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His all-wise providence to call to Himself our esteemed fellow member, Mr. PETER JACOBUS, of the Class of '68, an honored teacher of many of us and a brother of us all, therefore

Resolved, That in his death we recognize the loss of a member whose ability in classical and scientific spheres showed his scholarly qualities and of whose advancement in life we felt assured.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved wife and family our heartfelt sympathy in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and be published in the *Newark Daily Advertiser* and the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

W. C. CAMPBELL,
CHAS. J. HALSTED,
F. S. HAINES,
Committee.

"GOODIES" IN WITHERSPOON.—This astounding change of sexes in the servants was made at the commencement of the term, and now the shrill cry of women's voices is heard in the early morning in the new dormitory. It is needless to say that they are neither stylish nor beautiful, but as servants we understand they give general satisfaction.

"SUB TEGMINE FAGI."—Now that warm weather approaches and the favorite resort of that season, the front campus, will soon be called into use, will not

"some generous benefactor of the college" procure a number of decent seats for the use of the students? At last accounts there remained but one and a half, which it is needless to say are scarcely sufficient for the use of 500 students.

FALSE ALARM.—A rumor, which from its repeated affirmation gained wide spread credence, having spread through college, to the effect that one of our professors had been appointed Minister to Greece, a large number of his admirers in the Sophomore class determined to wait upon him in person and tender him their congratulations.

The procession as it passed through the campus presented a varied and imposing appearance. As was fitting it was eminently classical in general "get-up", being made up of the largest class in college, preceded by a band playing classical music on classical instruments, and bearing aloft on transparencies classical inscriptions, such as "*Xep and dei*," "Welcome to the 'hum' of the Attic Bee," and many others exhibiting Sophomoric versatility and genius. Unfortunately the Professor was not in, and latest advices have proved the rumor totally unfounded.

OBSERVATORY.—Our much abused observatory which was characterized by Dr. Cuyler as "a casket without a jewel" is soon to be fitted up. A large sized objective will be made as soon as possible, an addition is to be built for other necessary purposes, and a transit building is to be erected.

RATHER SARCASTIC.—(*Scene.*—Disorderly recitation room, enter a large black dog.)

Student to Irate Professor.—"Here's a big black dog, shall I put him out?"

I. P.—"He won't make any noise unless the puppies bother him."

(Class comes down).

THE AUTOGRAPHIC CAMPAIGN has begun. Little black books are circulating freely. Some who will take no such denial as "haven't got time to go to my room," &c., &c., carry a fountain pen with them and catch the unwary victims in the recitation rooms, when there is no escape. We do not note much variety in the epistles. They mostly end "Yours Sincerely," "Yours Truly," or in other conventional styles, and there seems to be less tendency to write pages of platitudes and flatitudes than formerly.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Our thanks are due to Dr. Bodine and Hon. J. T. Nixon of Trenton for "Lits" for the College files. We call the attention of all our readers and especially the older graduates, or those acquainted with them, to this effort and ask their hearty support and co-operation. On the second page of advertisements will be found a list of numbers still needed.

TOWN HALL.—There seemed at one time a prospect that Princeton would obtain the much needed and long desired Hall for holding public exercises and amusements. Efforts were made to obtain a convenient locality, but the abominable spirit of skinflintness which characterizes and has characterized a number of the towns-people in all their dealings with any moneyed institution, rendered

it unadvisable to procure the most eligible site. However, if it does not require more money to buy the land than it would in any other town in the State, there are still some hopes entertained of its erection.

CONCERT.—The Grand Concert by Miss Emma C. Thursby, Mr. Matthew Arbuckle and the Glee Club on Feb. 15th, was a decided success.

Mr. Arbuckle on the cornet fully sustained his reputation, which is saying a great deal. Miss Thursby's voice seemed to lack volume. Though it was very sweet and at times beautifully modulated, it was not equal to the duet with Mr. Arbuckle. But in the ballads she was at her best and amply satisfied even the most fastidious critic. *Maid o' Dundee* and *Baby Mine* were received with enthusiastic applause.

Of the Glee Club's singing the less said the better. "The Windlass" was well rendered but the singing as a whole did not fulfil the audience's expectation.

BOATING.—Capt. Clarke has decided to make no attempt to send a crew to Greenwood Lake this year. He very wisely sees that there is little or no interest in the matter, and that to attempt to train a crew with a worse than depleted treasury and inferior men would redound neither to his credit nor to that of the college.

In the meantime the Freshmen are training with great regularity, but as to their intentions in regard to sending a crew to the regatta we are unable to state. We believe that boating at Princeton will settle down to an annual class regatta and perhaps an occasional race with some neighbouring college. For this we are not sorry, when we remember the tremendous disadvantages under which she is placed in respect to a course, and consider that the energies wasted in fruitless attempts at boating may now be thrown into the other games of base ball, athletics, and foot ball.

RETIREMENT OF DR. ALEXANDER.—For forty-four years Dr. Alexander has faithfully served this institution and now the Trustees have relieved him of all labor and retaining him as Emeritus professor, retire him on a full salary. Dr. Alexander graduated at Union College early in the century. After his graduation he taught school in the interior of New York state from whence he was called in 1834 to this college as Adjunct Professor of Mathematics. From that time to this he has filled the chairs of Mathematics, Astronomy, Mechanics and Physics. He has twice represented the government in the observation of eclipses, once being sent to Labrador, again to the West. He has published a *Calculus*, several important treatises in scientific journals, and in 1874 his life work entitled "Harmonies in the Solar System," was published by the Smithsonian Institution. Let us hope that his life will long be spared to continue his labors in Astronomical research.

ENTERTAINMENT BY PROFESSOR PEABODY.—At the request of a number of his former pupils in the Senior Class, Professor Peabody kindly consented to give a Reading in the College Chapel on Feb. 16th. None but members of the class

and a distinguished lawyer from town, Counsellor Lytle, were admitted. Although the Professor was suffering from a severe "cold" he fully sustained his reputation. If we might be pardoned for suggesting a slight deficiency in any quality of voice, we would suggest "more force," but the lack of this was doubtless owing to the physical health of the speaker. Counsellor Lytle who was in his happiest vein, made a few remarks at the close—of the door on his fingers—and the entertainment concluded with the stirring strains of "O there is rest," rendered by a quartette consisting of Messrs. Kaufman, Speir, Scott and Denny, assisted by a large chorus. We hope to see the entertainment repeated at an early day. In no better way can the Professor aid the cause of elocution in the college than by occasional exemplifications of his teachings.

MORE STILL.—It is rumored that the trustees are considering the advisability of the appointment of George Vandenhoff, Esq., as full Professor of Elocution. We hope there are good grounds for the report. Mr. Vandenhoff is no less gifted as a teacher than he is as a speaker. To his abilities as both elocutionist and teacher is joined a high tone of gentlemanliness which adds so much to the incumbent of a professional chair.

ADDITION TO THE LIBRARIES.—Mr. Vinton has been a regular attendant and frequent purchaser at the numerous and important book sales held in New York during the past winter, and has returned from them with over two thousand volumes. The deficiencies in the college library are so great that the most of the funds have to be expended in the acquisition of old books. We regret to notice that the Fiction alcove remains almost empty. The answer made to any complaint of this deficiency is invariably the same,—"*Go to the Halls;*" but when we remember that there are some hundred men in college who do not attend the Halls this answer is not altogether satisfactory to all. The libraries of the two Societies and the Philadelphian rooms have received numerous additions so that now the number of volumes in the college libraries is not far from 48,000. When we contrast the present state of the library with what it was some four years ago the change seems marvellous.

SELLING ROOMS.—We note the bareness of the bulletin tree, a thing unusual at this time of year, when formerly invitations to "call up" and examine rooms were numerous and pressing. The law in reference to buying and selling college rooms bears heavily on many members of the outgoing Senior Class who had depended on the receipts derived from this source for the settlement of their bills and Commencement expenses. Some have taken in room-mates and in this way disposed of their half at a sacrifice, while others, Micawber-like, are waiting for something to "turn up" which shall enable them in part to reimburse themselves for their past expenditures.

GYMNASTIC CONTEST.—The present Senior Class have been singularly unfortunate in the loss of several of their best gymnasts, and in consequence of this there is no probability of the regular annual contest taking place.

It was instituted in 1870 by Mrs. John R. Thomson and continued for three years under her patronage. Some dissatisfaction having arisen in the management of the '73 contest and much indignation being expressed at the award of the judges, Mrs. Thomson withdrew the prize. In 1874 there was no contest, but '75 by charging an admission fee were enabled to offer prizes and had in all respects a most successful exhibition. The same course was pursued by '76 and would in all probability have been followed by '77 were it not for the circumstances previously narrated.

CANNON EXERCISES.—The Commencement Committee intend to erect a permanent but portable amphitheatre, which they propose to rent to each succeeding class for their class day exercises. Professor Lindsey is engaged upon the plans and we are assured that it will be a decided improvement upon the clumsy and cramped structures which have in past years tried the sensations and patience of the visitors of Commencement. The planting of the Ivy revives a custom which has been obsolete since 1872. We would suggest to the committee that some position be chosen which has a southern exposure.

MELODRAMA IN REAL LIFE.—*Scene.* House of citizen in town. *Time.* Evening of a Glee Club concert. Enter Seminole in quest of young lady for partner to concert. Young lady comes down stairs with bonnet on. Interesting conversation on Seminary topics for half an hour. 7 o'clock. Enter nobby Seminole with swell English suit and little Seminole with yellow mustache. Each on the same mission. Too bashful to come to the point. Exciting conversation on the Presbyterian church—until 7:15, when enter tall Seminole with goggles, blue necktie, green gloves, and a grin, come for same object—don't like to say so. Lively exchange of views on Predestination for half an hour. 7:45. Enter tall and dignified Senior. Calls young lady by her christian name, and asks if she is ready to go. "You will excuse me, gentlemen." Exeunt young lady and Senior. Four Seminoles, each with two reserved seat tickets in his pocket, faint over chairs, sofas, &c. "Go bury thy sorrow," is played slowly on a piano in next house. Curtain falls.

RECITATION IN PSYCHOLOGY.—Mr. G., you seem to have the words but not the thought, and Mr. L. seems to have the thoughts without the words. A suitable combination might make a recitation.

JOURNALISM IN '78.—The Junior class, after a most exciting election in which all the arts of the professional wire-pullers appear to have been exhausted, elected the following Editors for the "Lit" and "Princetonian" for the coming year.

LIT.—Messrs. Van Benschoten, Kretsinger, Anderson, McEachron, Barr, Geer, Johnston, Marquand.

PRINCETONIAN.—L. Williams, Mayo, Corwine, Duffles, Kemper.

NOTICE.—The captain of the University nine expects every candidate to remain and practice during the Spring vacation.

D. LAUGHLIN, Capt.

MISSING.—What we supposed was intended by the perpetrators for a practical joke, was committed on the night of Saturday the 3rd inst. The Library was entered from one of the front windows and several manuscripts abstracted from the Librarian's desk. One of them was the result of many months' hard labor, and impossible to be replaced, viz: "A Conspectus of the College Library in '73;" the other a history of the College almost ready for insertion in a book about to be published in New York, and which Mr. Vinton had spent much research and labor upon. We hope now that these facts are known, that what was done, perhaps, thoughtlessly, will be repaired as far as possible by the return of the missing articles which are totally without value to the person, but are priceless to the rightful owner.

LUNACY.—The Senior class were permitted to behold the "Queen of Heaven" through the kindness of Dr. Alexander and a small telescope, on March 20th.—Had it not been for the noise and gyrations of a number of "Freshmen" the entertainment would have passed off very pleasantly.

A letter was recently received at the Post Office for "The best looking man in Princeton College." The Post Master with an "eye single" to true manly beauty, put it in K —, '77's box.

MR. CAMPBELL'S "BENEFIT." — The Chapel presented quite an unwonted appearance on the evening of March 26th. The body of the Chapel occupied usually by students alone, was besprinkled with the bonnets and fans of ladies.—The platform devoid of desk and book, supported the weight of a piano and music stands. The occasion of this remarkable change was the Concert given by Mr. F. Campbell '77, assisted by the College Glee Club and Instrumental Club. Part I. began with an offertoire by Battiste, well played on the organ by Mr. Campbell. The Glee Club then mounted the platform and sang Bishop's fine glee, "Mynheer Vandunck," in a very acceptable manner. The club has improved considerably since their last appearance not only in quantity, but in quality and the enthusiastic applause which followed the selection showed that the audience fully appreciated it.

The third piece upon the programme was a trio by Messrs. Van Lennep, McKay and Clark. The precision and confidence with which these gentlemen played, together with the expression which they threw into the execution fully atoned for the shortness of the selection.

Next came a piano solo, "Airs from the Doctor of Alcantera," admirably rendered by Mr. Clark, '80. Mr. Clark's *technique* is very fine, and though in certain parts he seemed to sacrifice the expression to the execution, we are glad to find that in this gentleman the College possesses a first-class piano soloist, something we have not had here before. In response to the enthusiastic applause of the audience, Mr. Clark played a short selection which seemed to be hardly as much appreciated as it should have been. Mr. Campbell then played the ever popular "Poet and Peasant."

Part II began with "Corn Blume," played with a vim and precision worthy of a trained professional orchestra, by the Instrumental Club. In response to an overwhelming storm of applause, they played "Morgenblatter." It is a pity we cannot see more of our College Orchestra. The applause with which they are always received shows how highly they are appreciated.

Mr. Campbell followed on the organ with "Amaryllis," and received an encore.

Next the Glee Club sang Calcott's "To all ye Ladies," showing some carelessness in the rendering. The words had been adapted to suit the tastes of the audience, but were scarcely an improvement on Calcott's quaint old phrases. Clark and Dennis then played a duet by Gottschalk, and the concert concluded with "Grand Offertoire No. IV.," by Wely, beautifully executed by Campbell.

The entertainment was highly satisfactory, not only as an expression of the good will of the College toward "Fred," but as an evidence that we need not go out of Princeton to procure *artistes* for our concerts.

DEATH OF JOHN S. HART, LL.D.—Professor Hart, for many years connected with this college, died in Philadelphia, March 26th. He was born in Stockbridge, Mass., Jan. 28, 1816, graduated at Princeton in 1830, was successively Tutor, Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages, Lecturer on English Literature and Professor of the English Language and Literature in Princeton, which last position he held until his resignation in '74.

As an author Professor Hart was well known. His works on "Composition and Rhetoric," and his "Manuals of English and American Literature," have had an extensive sale. His death will be regretted no less by the literary world than by his numerous friends, whom he greatly attached to him by his frank and open hearted manners, genial sympathy, and scholarly culture.

A meeting of the Princeton Inter-Collegiate Association was held March 28th, at which a Constitution and By-Laws was adopted and important steps taken, placing the Association on a permanent footing.

The following officers were elected to serve until December next:

President—A. T. Ormond.

Vice-President—H. McDonald.

Secretary—A. H. Wintersteen.

Treasurer—H. E. Fisk.

Assistant Treasurer—A. W. Dickens.

An adjourned meeting is to be held on Wednesday, April 4th, to decide on the mode of selecting a representative in oratory to the inter-collegiate contest. A large attendance of the members of the two upper classes is desired.

The following are the subjects for Essays at the next Inter-Collegiate Contest:

I. The rise and growth of political parties in the United States since the foundation of the Federal Union.

II. The advantages and disadvantages of the American Novelist.

BOOK NOTICES.

Darwin on Cross and Self Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Darwin gives us a sketch of the contrivances and devices by which plants escape self-fertilization, and succeed in producing cross-fertilization. Some of them have the male and female organs in different flowers, some have these parts (though in the same flower) maturing at different dates, some have the flower so constructed as to prevent access between them, and some flowers are sterile as to their own pollen. The wind and insects and even humming birds are the great marriage-priests that secure cross-fertilization; and plants bedeck themselves in bright colors, and scent themselves with perfumes and sweets so as to attract the insects to perform the important office of carrying the pollen from flower to flower.

After experimenting on 57 plants for 11 years, and comparing 1101 instances of crossed plants and 1076 of self fertilized, Mr. Darwin finds that the former surpass the latter in height, weight, hardness, in the greater number of seeds and their greater fertility, by about 25 per cent. Even plants which flourish by self-fertilization greatly profit by a cross. He finds that the benefit thus arising depends not on some mysterious virtue from the mere union of different forms, but on constitutional differences caused by diversity of surroundings; and he advises us in crossing nearly related plants or animals, to keep them in as different conditions as possible.

He brings his observations to aid his favorite dogma of natural selection, by shewing how they cast light on the sterility of hybrid species. When different species of plants or animals are crossed, the off-spring are either completely sterile, or comparatively sterile, so that the race soon dies out. He finds somewhat analogous phenomena (in a reversed manner), with self-fertilized plants. Some self-fertilized flowers are absolutely sterile. The off-spring from self-fertilized plants are more or less sterile (not absolutely so, and here the case differs from that of hybridism.) He then argues that we have no right to ascribe the sterility of hybrids between different species, to any cause fundamentally different from that which determines the sterility of these self crossed plants.

A few points may be set out as sufficiently certain in these discussions. (1) As plants have contrivances to prevent self-fertilization and to secure cross-fertilization, it may be assumed that the latter is somehow beneficial to them. Mr. Darwin does good service by proving what might well have been anticipated. (2) As it is known that species of animals and plants are often exterminated,

there can be nothing in common sense (as certainly there is nothing in the christian religion) to militate against the hypothesis of the development of new species to make good the loss. This would be an instance of compensation so extensive in the order of nature. (3) When it is argued that every case of animal or vegetable affinity depends on community of origin, the question takes a new form. There are many cases of affinity which seem incapable of explanation by the doctrine of descent: and the testimony of Geology goes against the hypothesis of man's descent from other animals with which he bears intimate structural affinities.

March 19, 1877.

Blue and Sun-Lights. By Gen. A. J. Pleasanton.

"Stained windows richly dight,
Casting a blue *actinic* light."

A horridly blue book—cover, type, and, we had most said theory; but anyone whose intellect can grasp the wonderful range of this new discovery, will come out of the struggle feeling more like a concentrated rainbow, than anything else. If we are to believe the statement of the General, blue glass is the blow, so to speak; that is to crush all pain into pleasure. Every thing from drooping grape-vines up to dilapidated army mules will yield to its persuasive influences. Human ills and complaints are nothing before its power, and maladies which all prudent physicians have heretofore considered incurable, bow at its feet.

The facts presented in this book are certainly amazing; but the inferences and theories which the Author has drawn from them are beyond all expressible absurdity. What with positive and negative electricity, magnetism, electrical equilibrium and stuff, one begins to dread the sight of telegraph poles. It must be consoling to Preps to know that:

"With children, when the rod is applied vigorously to their person, the friction produced by the blows evolves electricity of the kind necessary to restore the electric equilibrium of their bodies."

And it may be a matter of interest to some, even who are not Preps that:

"The sexes are oppositely electrified; hence their mutual attraction."

Ponder on this during vacation. The extent of the investigation is wonderful; facts from earth and beneath it; from the depths and heights of sea and air, are arrayed before us, and if they have anything to do with heat or electricity, they are pressed into one fearful sweep of arguments. The effect is positively overwhelming.

The first chapter of Genesis is contorted so as to place the creation in a most novel light to us who have been living in scientific ignorance.

Our military husbandman has made himself notorious, if not famous, and in these days the one is about as desirable as the other.

Rowland Hill—His Life and Sayings. Vernon J. Charlesworth. Price \$1.00.

Postage 7 cents.

As a general thing one hesitates to recommend a Biography and hesitates a good deal more before he reads it. But this is a wonderful man to read about—a grand man—strong in conviction and strong in carrying his convictions out; devoted to what was right, unsparing of what was wrong; sound in doctrine, pithy and incisive in his way of putting it. He began early and he was just as energetic in Surrey Chapel as in his barn. His audiences grew larger every day and he was rewarded for the sacrifices of his youth by the success of after years, till he was called to that glorious reward which shall never be taken from him. And the book is well written; it is interesting. The Biographical sketch is not long and it is flanked with the humor of Spurgeon and the wit of Rowland himself. This is a Biography we don't hesitate to recommend nor to read.

The Life and Writings of St. John. By James M. Macdonald, D. D. Edited, with an Introduction by the Very Reverend J. S. Howson, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Pp. 436. 1877.

This volume, appearing posthumously at this day, will doubtless tend to strengthen the memory of its author, the late beloved Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this place. Dean Howson's name as editor is a sufficient testimonial of its high character and worth, which have met with ready and wide recognition in the public press. So far as the material execution of the work goes, it might be called elegant. Binding durable, paper thick, type clear, and the places with which the apostle was associated and the Roman rulers of his period set forth in about thirty-six full page illustrations and maps. It is uniform in size with Conybeare and Howson's *St. Paul*, and will be its companion with the student.

The method pursued, as stated in the introduction, is one which is characteristic of the times and favorably received, namely, "of presenting the personality of a Biblical writer in close combination with his writings, so that the man is set forth, so to speak, as part of the Divinely communicated Revelation with which we have to deal."

The first eight chapters are biographical, paying special attention to the training and discipline of St. John under the Great Master. The latter seven chapters are critical, giving the text and analysis of the Apocalypse, fourth Gospel and Epistles. We have had time but to glance through this valuable book. But it is now familiar to most in Princeton which renders further notice unnecessary. We would recommend every one to possess himself of a copy.

EXCHANGES.

A week or two ago we took it for spring. The almanac said so, and the almanac never lies. *Puck* said so and *Puck* is wide awake and never trifles with times and seasons. So said they all who found themselves walking a mile or more from College with the big ulster, and the sun smiting cheek and shoulder. Witherspoon street thawed out black, white and indifferent, until the town swarmed. Children seemed to spring up like exhalations. We stumbled over a dozen baby-carriages, French nurses and saucy, dirty-faced young "snobs," on our way to the Post Office, to get the exchanges. Our business man slackened his usually quick step. Mr. Snakes said "He didn't really feel at all." And Dapper Dot was a-cooling in the—Drug store. Even some of the inveterate gymnasts had taken a day off, and those who did perform, performed languidly. But the old time loafer who had commenced the latter half of Senior year to pole for a "dip"—of course *he* kept right on. The sky grew bluer, the atmosphere closer and stiller and the grass greener. It was a time that would have inspired a bushel of pretty *Tribune* editorials on open air, sunshine, suburban retreats, and spring sentiments. It had the indications, we said. A hand organ, so near, so very near, ground out "Molly Darling" and actually ventured on "Come Spring, come gentle Spring." We were sad. Yes, hyped. The many springs of our long life flitted before our mind's eye, with their light and shade and memories. There! our poet comes forth from Reunion in his checkered suit, and with cane under arm and Swinburne face saunters towards Potter's woods. Aha! that means poetry and the editorial heart was glad. * * * * Was it a dream? All has faded—gone utterly. The sky looks grey and bleak, the campus is white with snow, the wind blows harsh and cold—old winter rules the hour. But our poet—where is he—with his "Spring's Heralds" for the *LIT.* He's gone too. By our troth, this freak of the weather killed him.

This is aside—apart. It may however account for the absence of verse in our present issue. In our next, *Deo volente*, we shall make amends for this poeticide of weather. Let us to our visitors, and brief must be the interview as ideas of time and space are now sternly considered.

The *Advocate* and *Crimson* take an intermediate stand between the purely literary and purely news paper. The former gives us good poetry and criticism; the latter talks of "The Crew" and "Prices of College Rooms."

It is stated now and then that *Lampy* is degenerating. This comes from an incapacity in the critic to take a bird's eye view. When *Lampy* tries his level

best to be funny and isn't, and then peers from that new cover with cap, bells and charger—with a smirk upon that face, as much as to say, "Come now, that's good; laugh at it," the *tout ensemble* is simply so ridiculous that we do laugh till our sides do split. That cover is a genuine stroke—a buoyant bracer.

The *Courant* is complete and entertaining; the *Record* lively, though not over sound in its judgments. Bi-weeklies work like a charm. '77 Boards retire.

The *Yale Lit.*, graceful and dignified, has always been a favorite with us; yet it sees fit to delay its coming to our table. Where's that March number. February was very good, but February is in the dim past. We miss the *Vassar Miscel.*, too(e).

The *Acta Columbiana* savors of the metropolis. Its enterprise is seen in the column of "Items" which, if we mistake not, is the best that has fallen under our notice. The "Law Department" is interesting only to professional students and it is a question whether it will pay for the two or three pages it consumes.

The *Virginia University Magazine* sends us up her January number flashing with attempted novels. If there are Hawthornes among our Southern friends it is perfectly right that the college world should be able to devour their efforts: but in cases of doubtful resemblance we beg to be spared. Certainly such a style unless carried to perfection is utterly worthless—Oliver Opticism has died away and, unless we mistake, the determination of the reading public, the pcn of even chivalric Virginia will not be able to revive it. But we would not condemn the number altogether. The leading article on *Nature and Some Who Write of Her*—is in an earnest, even if it be a mistaken spirit. In fact, enthusiasm has carried the writer away, far into the extremes of Nature worship. The theory laid down is true enough, that those who write of Nature should do so from the love they bear her. But to the illustrations and criticisms of the theory, we do most thoroughly object. Why, it is positively absurd, to condemn Ruskin for allowing a bit of landscape to remind him of a favorite picture; to blame Trench for seeing beauties in picture-painting words; to ridicule Ritter for reading the history of ages in the mountains. But the writer will have us reverence Nature! Pray did not the masters reverence the Nature they put into their beautiful music? But we are not to carry our art into Nature! Are they to be kept separate? Is art simply the painting of the canvas, the writing of a page? Is it not pre-eminently the study of Nature? Had the writer taken scraps of Nature-writing from some of to-day's Novelists and displayed their sickening pedantry it would have been more to the point. The *February* issue is an improvement to say the least. Amateur Novelists do not grace the pages this time and Nature has no one to take her part save some flighty poets about whose productions we absolutely refuse to say a word. We take our seat—and we generally manage to avoid a one-sided view—the curtain rises, and the panorama moves on once more. The Arabian Nights in gorgeous eulogy! Well they merit it, that's a fact; but, my friend, the scope of your sub-

ject is entirely too wide, too general, too diffuse. There are a dozen or more separate avenues of thought opened wide before us and we are requested to travel them all at the same time. Can't be done. The writer has crowded too many isolated facts together. He has broken his article all up into little bits and he hasn't made a kaleidoscope of it either. Points of knowledge are all very well to be sure, but it is the development of these points that shows the ability of the writer. Then we must read a lot of nonsense about Laurence Sterne—the old plagiarist, offset with a hit at the “maudlin pathos of Dickens.” Well, well, W. C. B. had better let biographies alone hereafter if there is no hope of improvement on this. Its insipidity is somewhat relieved by the few remarks that follow on “Woman.” They are unquestionably rich. There is here and there a glow of deliberate nonsense that is worth cultivation. Serious absurdity is gradually taking the place of coarse extravagance and if the irreverence and sickly features of the writer are suppressed, what is left will be thoroughly readable. We won't criticise the “Fall of Alamo.” This how-sleep-the-brave business we have thrown back into the memory of the centennial—and we will not disturb it. The *March* number has not reached us.

Cornell Review. We would like to say to our injured friend that we were certain there was abundant home talent in its pages. But as long as it refused to make plain what was and what was not the product of student mind, we must beg leave to make our own inferences. The plain truth, is dear *Review*, you are not honest.

Hamilton Lit.—We doubt not Hamilton feels proud of her Inter-Collegiate record. But they should certainly put something in their *Lit.* besides speeches.

In spite of its tender conscience, its dearth of imagination and its incapacity for sarcasm the *Brunonian* is a fair sheet. It compares favorably with the *Niagara Index* of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels or with the *Cornell I yell Era*. We advise you by this, friend, not to be too despondent. Your last number contained several interesting articles and the editorial on Fellowships showed considerable research—though not thorough research as Princeton has six instead of four Fellowships. Those of History and Modern Languages were overlooked by the writer.

The Sibyl, emanating from Elmira, devotes herself extensively to politics, for what purpose save *suffragium in prospectu*, we fail to determine. Is it not rather strong minded to give half your time to “Democracy and its Problems,” “Democracy and Monarchy in France; and Paris Under the Commune?” These pieces are of merit but seem a little out of place. Literary chit chats, gossip and variety withal would become the *Sibyl* better and make it a very pleasant exchange.

We have received from Prof. Cook, State geologist, the Fourth Annual Report of the New Jersey State Board of Agriculture.

PERSONAL.

'16. Ex-President John Maclean, Has completed his history of the College and given the manuscript to the Princeton Charitable Institution for publication. It will appear in two volumes about the 1st of June.

'30. John Seely Hart, LL.D., Died on the 26th ult., in Philadelphia. He had been at various times Principal of the Natchez (Miss.) Academy, the Edgehill Fitting School, in Princeton, the Philadelphia High School and the New Jersey State Normal School, Trenton. Edited the *Sunday School Times* from its establishment in 1860 until 1871. Elected in 1872, Holmes Professor of Belles Lettres and English Language and Literature in the College of New Jersey, Princeton, and held this chair for two years. The author of many works of which, "An Essay on Spenser and the Faery Queen," Rhetoric, Manuals of English and American Literature are the best known.

'39. James Kerr Kelly, Senator from Oregon, still lives.

'41. Dr. A. A. Hodge, Accepted the Professorship of Theology in the Theological Seminary, vice Dr. Charles Hodge.

'43. John P. Stockton, Ex-United States Senator, Appointed Attorney General of New Jersey.

'44. J. H. Blackfan, Chief of foreign mail department at Washington.

'52. J. Donald Cameron, Senator elect from Pennsylvania.

'53. James Thompson, Chief clerk of land office, Indian department.

'68. S. Miller Hageman, Rendered happy by the coming of a baby boy in the silence of the other night. Silence is as potent as protoplasm.

'71. W. B. Hornblower, One of the most prominent young lawyers of New York, elected one of the association of sixty.

'73. David T. Marvel, Senator Bayard's Private Secretary.

'73. J. P. Kennedy Bryan, Offered an Assistant Professorship in Johns Hopkins University.

'74. T. G. Ricketts, Awarded the gold medal for dissection, received honorable mention for an essay and stood first in a competitive examination at Pennsylvania Medical College.

'75. Archibald Alexander, Ex-Fellow of Princeton, elected Adjunct Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Columbia College.

'76. Jenkins, Sued for libel by a Methodist minister.

'77. Jai Campbell and Dave Laughlin, Come, now, b'hoys, pay that hotel bill and return that key to its owner.

'77. "Pete" is conning the funniest thing imaginable.